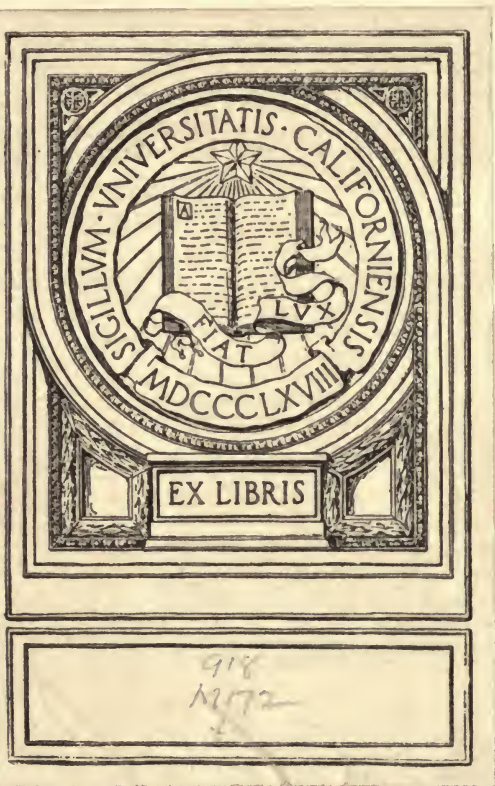


THE
BOOK OF SORROW





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THE
BOOK OF SORROW



THE
BOOK OF SORROW

BY
ANDREW MACPHAIL

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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PREFACE

THIS Book of Verse contains all that has been said, all, indeed, that can be said upon the theme of Sorrow. For many civil years it was a melancholy pleasure assembling these pieces and placing them in order. Now, there is ample warrant for completing the task and offering as a comfort to other hearts what in the outset was designed for private luxury. The book demands little by way of preface save an expression of thanks to all who have so freely exposed their treasures for my selection. Nothing has been reserved except one lovely sonnet and certain translations from a very foreign tongue. This last omission I have endeavoured to supply. For the imperfect rhyme and for any other imperfection in this book I put forward as a reason, and offer as excuse, the place of my present abode and the nature of my employment.

In particular, I have to acknowledge my indebtedness for leave to use copyright poems to the following : the Ruskin Trustees and their Publishers, George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., for the quatrain by Ruskin ; Mrs. Austin (Alfred Austin) ; Mr. Maurice Baring ; the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich ; Mr. Mackenzie Bell (A. C. Swin-

PREFACE

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PREFACE

Marriott Watson, Mr. William Watson, Mrs. Woods); Mrs. Lee-Hamilton (Eugene Lee-Hamilton); Major Sir Bryan B. M. Leighton (Lord De Tabley); Mrs. D. Pinto Leite (R. D. Blackmore); Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. (J. Chadwick and Louise Chandler Moulton); Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (Andrew Lang, *Ballades and Rhymes* and *Ballades and Lyrics of Old France*); Messrs. Longmans and the Morris Trustees (William Morris, *Poems by the Way*); Mr. W. P. McKenzie; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (T. E. Brown, F. Locker-Lampson, Christina Rossetti, Alma Strettell); Mr. John Masefield; Messrs. Maunsell (J. M. Synge); Messrs. Methuen (Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Oscar Wilde); Mr. Lloyd Mifflin; Sir Henry Newbolt (*Poems New and Old*, John Murray); Mr. Bowyer Nichols; Sir Gilbert Parker; Mr. D. Noel Paton; the late Mr. Stephen Phillips; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; Mr. Arthur R. Ropes; *The Saturday Review* (Beatrice Cregan); Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott (his own poem and those of the late Archibald Lampman); the Walter Scott Publishing Co. (Warburton Pike, A. R. Ropes); Messrs. Scribners (R. L. Stevenson); Sir Owen Seaman and the Proprietors of *Punch*; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. (Robert Bridges, Hon. Mrs. O. N. Knox, J. A. Symonds); Mrs. A. C. Steele and the Editor of the *Spectator*; Mr. Arthur

PREFACE

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A. M.

FLANDERS, 1916.

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I. SERENITY

‘The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.’

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1. *In Memoriam R. G. C. B., 1878*

THE ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.
From camp and church, the fireside and the street,
She beckons forth—and strife and song have been.

A summer night descending cool and green
And dark on daytime’s dust and stress and heat,
The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

O glad and sorrowful, with triumphant mien
And radiant faces look upon, and greet
This last of all your lovers, and to meet
Her kiss, the Comforter’s, your spirit lean—
The ways of Death are soothing and serene.

SERENITY

LORD DE TABLEY

2. *Chorus from 'Medea'*

SWEET are the ways of death to weary feet,
Calm are the shades of men.
The phantom fears no tyrant in his seat,
The slave is master then.
Love is abolish'd ; well, that this is so ;
We knew him best as Pain.
The gods are all cast out, and let them go,
Who ever found them gain ?
Ready to hurt and slow to succour these ;
So, while thou breathest, pray.
But in the sepulchre all flesh has peace ;
Their hand is put away.

GEORGE PELLEW

3. *Death*

CALM Death, God of crossed hands and passionless eyes,
Thou God that never heedest gift nor prayer,
Men blindly call thee cruel, unaware
That everything is dearer since it dies.
Worn by the chain of years, without surprise,
The wise man welcomes thee, and leaves the glare
Of noisy sunshine gladly, and his share
He chose not in mad life and windy skies.
Passions and dreams of love, the fever and fret
Of toil, seem vain and petty when we gaze
On the imperious Lords who have no breath :
Atoms or worlds—we call them lifeless, yet
In thy unending peaceful day of days
They are divine, all-comprehending Death.

SERENITY

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

4. *In Beechwood Cemetery*

HERE the dead sleep—the quiet dead. No sound
Disturbs them ever, and no storm dismays.
Winter mid snow caresses the tired ground,
And the wind roars about the woodland ways.
Springtime and summer and red autumn pass,
With leaf and bloom and pipe of wind and bird,
And the old earth puts forth her tender grass,
By them unfelt, unheeded and unheard.
Our centuries to them are but as strokes
In the dim gamut of some far-off chime.
Unaltering rest their perfect being cloaks—
A thing too vast to hear or feel or see—
Children of Silence and Eternity,
They know no season but the end of time.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

5. *From 'Cymbeline'*

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages ;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

SERENITY

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renownèd be thy grave !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

.6 *From 'In Memoriam'*

AS sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race :

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

SERENITY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

7. *From 'In Memoriam'*

DO we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side ?
Is there no baseness we would hide ?
No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :
Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?
There must be wisdom with great Death :
'The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall :
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

WALT WHITMAN

8. *Memories of Lincoln*

OVER the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes, and through old woods (where lately
the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the
grey débris),
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes—passing
the endless grass ;

SERENITY

Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its
shroud in the dark-brown fields uprising ;
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the
orchards ;
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin. . . .

Nor for you, for one, alone ;
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring :
For fresh as the morning—thus would I carol a song for
you, O sane and sacred Death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O Death ! I cover you over with roses and early lilies ;
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious, I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes ;
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you, and the coffins all of you, O Death. . . .

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious ;
And for love, sweet love—But praise ! praise ! praise !
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome ?
Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all ;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
come unfalteringly.

SERENITY

Approach, strong Deliveress !

When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing
the dead,

Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,

Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,

Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and
feastings for thee ;

And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread
sky, are fitting,

And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star ;

The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose
voice I know ;

And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd
Death,

And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song !

Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myriad fields,
and the prairies wide ;

Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming wharves
and ways,

I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death !

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

9.

Religio Medici

SLEEP is a death ; O make me try,

By sleeping, what it is to die !

And as gently lay my head

On my grave as now my bed.

SERENITY

Howe'er I rest, Great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee ;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

INA DONNA COOLBRITH

10. *Beside the Deaa*

WITH hands that folded are from every task,
It must be sweet, O thou my dead, to lie
Sealed with the seal of the great mystery,—
The lips that nothing answer, nothing ask ;
The life-long struggle ended ; ended quite
The weariness of patience and of pain ;
And the eyes closed to open not again
On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.
It must be sweet to slumber and forget ;
To have the poor tired heart so still at last :
Done with all yearning, done with all regret ;
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all for ever past :
Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet—
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet !

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

11. *I. M. Margaritae Sororis, 1886*

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies ;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

SERENITY

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

12. *From 'The Daemon of the World'*

HOW wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep !
One pale as yonder wan and hornèd moon,
With lips of lurid blue,
The other glowing like the vital morn,
When throned on ocean's wave
It breathes over the world :
Yet both so passing strange and wonderful ! . . .
Human eye hath ne'er beheld
A shape so wild, so bright, so beautiful,
As that which o'er the maiden's charmèd sleep
Waving a starry wand,
Hung like a mist of light.

SERENITY

Such sounds as breathed around like odorous winds
Of waking spring arose,
Filling the chamber and the moonlight sky. . . .

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

13. *Life and Death*

FRAIL Life ! in which, through mists of human breath,
We grope for truth, and make our progress slow,
Because by passion blinded ; till, by death
Our passions ending, we begin to know.

O reverend Death ! whose looks can soon advise
E'en scornful youth, whilst priests their doctrine waste ;
Yet mocks us too ; for he does make us wise,
When by his coming our affairs are past.

O harmless Death ! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the grave
A short dark passage to eternal light.

II. REST

‘ Wherefore awake them into life again ?
Let them sleep on untroubled—it is best.’

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

14.

Rest

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes ;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth ;
Lie close around her ; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hush'd in and curtain'd with a blessèd dearth
Of all that irk'd her from the hour of birth ;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noon-day holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song ;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir :
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be ;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

REST

JOHN WILLIAM INCHBOLD

15.

One Dead

IS it deep sleep, or is it rather death ?
Rest anyhow it is, and sweet is rest :—
No more the doubtful blessing of the breath ;
Our God hath said that silence is the best,
And thou art silent as the pale, round moon,
And near thee is our birth's great mystery :—
Alas, we knew not thou wouldst go so soon !
We cannot tell where sky is lost in sea,
But only find life's bark to come and go,
By wondrous Nature's hidden force impelled,—
Then melts the wake in sea, and none shall know
For certain which the course the vessel held ;—
The lessening ship by us no more is seen,
And sea and sky are just as they have been.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

16.

'As thus Oppressed'

AS thus oppressed with many a heavy care,
(Though young yet sorrowful) I turn my feet
To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there ;
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast, and tired with this vain coil,
I shrink dismayed before life's upland toil.
And as amid the leaves the evening air
Whispers still melody, I think ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak ;
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
And I do ponder with most strange delight
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

REST

FRANCIS THOMPSON

17.

Buona Notte

ARIEL to Miranda :—Hear
This good-night the sea-winds bear ;
And let thine unacquainted ear
Take grief for their interpreter.

Good-night ! I have risen so high
Into slumber's rarity,
Not a dream can beat its feather
Through the unsustaining ether.
Let the sea-winds make avouch
How thunder summoned me to couch,
Tempest curtained me about
And turned the sun with his own hand out :
And though I toss upon my bed
My dream is not disquieted ;
Nay, deep I sleep upon the deep,
And my eyes are wet, but I do not weep ;
And I fell to sleep so suddenly
That my lips are moist yet—could'st thou see—
With the good-night draught I have drunk to thee.
Thou canst not wipe them ; for it was Death
Damped my lips that has dried my breath.
A little while—it is not long—
The salt shall dry on them like the song.
Now know'st thou that voice desolate,—
Mourning ruined joy's estate,—
Reached thee through a closing gate.
'Go'st thou to Plato ?' Ah, girl, no !
It is to Pluto that I go.

REST

EDMUND SPENSER

18. *From 'The Faery Queene', Book I*

AND more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe
And ever-drizling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne :
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the wallèd towne,
Might there be heard ; but carelese Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enemyes.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

19. *Waiting for the Morning*

THEY are at rest :
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grots in Eden lie,
And hear the four-fold river, as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
But they at eddying pool or current deep
Shall never more grow pale ;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

REST

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide ;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
 Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above

ANONYMOUS

20.

Tears

WEEP you no more, sad fountains ;
 What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
 But my sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets ;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at eve he sets ?

Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes,
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

REST

ANONYMOUS

21

Ex humo

SHOULD you dream ever of the days departed,
Of youth and morning, no more to return,—
Forget not me, so fond and passionate-hearted,
 Quiet at last reposing
 Under the moss and fern.

There where the fretful lake in stormy weather
Comes circling round the reddening churchyard pines,
Rest—and call back the hours we lost together
 Talking of hope, and soaring
 Beyond poor Earth's confines.

If, for these heavenly dreams too dimly sighted,
You become false—why, 'tis a story old ;
I, overcome by pain, and unrequited,
 Faded at last, and slumber
 Under the Autumn mould.

Farewell, farewell ! No longer plighted lovers,
Doomed for a day to sigh for sweet return ;
One lives indeed ; one heart the green earth covers—
 Quiet at last—reposing
 Under the moss and fern.

REST

SIR WALTER SCOTT

22.

From 'Marmion'

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

Eleu loro, Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never !

REST

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

23.

Dirge

NOW is done thy long day's work ;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander ;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed ;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny ?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee ;
The woodbine and eglare
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

REST

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
Bramble-roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Thro' the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine ;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there ;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused :

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

REST

ROBERT BUCHANAN

24. *When we are all asleep*

WHEN He returns, and finds all sleeping here—
Some old, some young, some fair, and some not fair,
Will He stoop down and whisper in each ear
‘Awaken!’ or for pity’s sake forbear,—
Saying, ‘How shall I meet their frozen stare
Of wonder, and their eyes so woebegone?
How shall I comfort them in their despair,
If they cry out “too late! let us sleep on”?’
Perchance He will not wake us up, but when
He sees us look so happy in our rest,
Will murmur, ‘Poor dead women and dead men!
Dire was their doom, and weary was their quest.
Wherefore awake them unto life again?
Let them sleep on untroubled—it is best.’

III. OBLIVION

‘Children of Silence and Eternity,
They know no season but the end of time.’

MARGARET L. WOODS

25. *To the Forgotten Dead*

 To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolvèd heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its mighty ramparts overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.
 To the unhonoured dead.

 To the forgotten dead,
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the rein
Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofèd horses, rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars, along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
 To the thrice-perished dead.

OBLIVION

RUDYARD KIPLING

26. *Gentlemen-Rankers*

TO the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,

To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely
crammed,

And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six horses,
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the ready
tin,

But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,

Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,

Baa-aa-aa !

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to empty
kitchen slops,

And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental hops
And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.

Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be ' Rider ' to your troop,
And branded with a blasted worsted spur,

When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy being
cleanly

Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you ' Sir '.

OBLIVION

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never
keep,

And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our sleep,
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer ?

When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-
lantern gutters,

And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-washed
ceiling,

Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain ?

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love
and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our
youth.

God help us, for we knew the worst too young !
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought
the sentence,

Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf
enfolds us

And we die, and none can tell Them where we've died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,

Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,

Baa-aa-aa !

Gentleman-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

OBLIVION

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

27.

Death

I LIKE to stretch full-length upon my bed,
Sometimes, when I am weary body and mind,
And think that I shall some day lie thus, blind
And cold, and motionless, my last word said.
How grim it were, how piteous to be dead !
And yet how sweet, to hear no more, nor see,
Sleeping, past care, through all eternity,
With clay for pillow to the clay-cold head.
And I should seem so absent, so serene :
They who should see me in that hour would ask
What spirit, or what fire, could ever have been
Within that yellow and discoloured mask ;
For there seems life in lead, or in a stone,
But in a soul's deserted dwelling none.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

28.

The Death of Puck

THE Robin gave three hops, and chirp'd, and said :
‘ Yes, I knew Puck, and loved him ; though I trow
He mimick'd oft my whistle, chuckling low ;
Yes, I knew cousin Puck ; but he is dead.

We found him lying on his mushroom bed—
The Wren and I—half cover'd up with snow,
As we were hopping where the berries grow.
We think he died of cold. Ay, Puck is fled.’

OBLIVION

And then the Wood-Mouse said : ' We made the Mole
Dig him a little grave beneath the moss,
And four big Dormice placed him in the hole.

The Squirrel made with sticks a little cross ;
Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul ;
And all we velvet jackets mourn his loss.'

OLIVER MADOX BROWN

29.

Sonnet

NO more these passion-worn faces shall men's eyes
Behold in life. Death leaves no trace behind
Of their wild hate and wilder love, grown blind
In desperate longing, more than the foam which lies
Splashed up awhile where the showered spray descries
The waves whereto their cold limbs were resign'd ;
Yet ever doth the sea-wind's undefin'd
Vague wailing shudder with their dying sighs.
For all men's souls 'twixt sorrow and love are cast
As on the earth each lingers his brief space,
While surely nightfall comes where each man's face
In death's obliteration sinks at last
As a deserted wind-tossed sea's foam-trace—
Life's chilled boughs emptied by death's autumn-blast.

OBLIVION

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

30.

Sic Vita

LIKE to the falling of a Star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,—
Or like the fresh spring's gawdy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :—
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.
The Wind blowes out ; the Bubble dies ;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies ;
The Dew dries up ; the Star is shot :
The Flight is past—and Man forgot !

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

31.

Madrigal

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe ;
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons show ;
Let sky and earth combin'd
Strive, if they can, to end my life and woe ;
Sith grief can not, me nothing can o'erthrow :
Or if that aught can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

OBLIVION

WILLIAM STRODE

32. *From 'The Floating Island'*

COME, heavy souls, oppressèd with the weight
Of crimes, or pangs, or want of your delight ;
Come, drown in Lethe's sleepy lake
Whatever makes you ache ;
Drink health from poisoned bowls ;
Breathe out your cares, together with your souls !
Cool Death 's a salve,
Which all may have.
There 's no distinction in the grave.
Lay down your loads before Death's iron door ;
Sigh, and sigh out ! Groan once, and groan no more !

BEN JONSON

33. *From 'Cynthia's Revels'*

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears ;
Yet, slower yet ; O faintly, gentle springs ;
List to the heavy part the music bears ;
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers ;
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours ;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.

OBLIVION

MOSCHUS—M. J. CHAPMAN

34. *From the Elegy on the Death of Bion*

ALAS ! alas ! when in a garden fair
Mallows, crisp dill, or parsley yields to fate,
These with another year regerminate ;
But when of mortal life the bloom and crown,
The wise, the good, the valiant, and the great
Succumb to death, in hollow earth shut down
We sleep—for ever sleep—for ever lie unknown.

AUSTIN DOBSON

35.

Rondeau

IN after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honour'd dust,
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky ;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh ;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days !

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—' He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
Will none ?—Then let my memory die
In after days !

OBLIVION

EDWARD FITZGERALD

36. *From 'The Rubaiyat of Omar
 Khayam'*

COME, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling :
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Morning a thousand Roses brings, you say ;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday ?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away. . . .

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep :
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep. . . .

OBLIVION

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom ?

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head. . . .

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend ;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End ! . . .

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing :
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing. . . .

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the secret well of Life to learn :
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—' While you live,
Drink !—for, once dead, you never shall return.' . . .

As then the Tulip for her wonted sup
Of Heavenly Vintage lifts her chalice up,
Do you, twin offspring of the soil, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you like an empty Cup. . . .

OBLIVION

And if the Cup you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes ;

Imagine then you *are* what heretofore
You *were*—hereafter you shall not be less.

So when at last the Angel of the drink
Of Darkness finds you by the river-brink,

And, proffering his Cup, invites your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff it—do not shrink.

And fear not lest Existence closing *your*
Account, should lose, or know the type no more ;

The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh but the long long while the World shall last,

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.

One Moment in Annihilation's waste,
One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—

The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Draws to the Dawn of Nothing—Oh make haste ! . . .

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise !
One thing at least is certain,—*This* Life flies ;

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies ;
The Flower that once is blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not ? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through

Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too. . . .

OBLIVION

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Is't not a Shame—is't not a Shame for him
So long in this Clay suburb to abide !

But that is but a Tent wherein may rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death address ;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest. . . .

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on ; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. . . .

Yesterday *This* Day's Madness did prepare ;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair :
Drink ! for you know not whence you came, nor why :
Drink ! for you know not why you go, nor where. . . .

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake :
For all the Sin the Face of wretched Man
Is black with—Man's Forgiveness give—and take ! . . .

But see ! The rising Moon of Heav'n again
Looks for us, Sweet-heart, through the quivering Plane :
How oft hereafter rising will she look
Among those leaves—for one of us in vain !

And when Yourself with silver Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass !

IV. INEVITABLE

‘The common fate of all things rare.’

J. SHIRLEY

37. *Death the Leveller*

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate ;

Death lays his icy hand on kings :

Sceptre and Crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill :

But their strong nerves at last must yield ;

They tame but one another still :

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;

Upon Death's purple altar now

See, where the victor-victim bleeds :

B. S.

INEVITABLE

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

38. *From 'The Third Part of Henry VI'*

Warwick's Death

THESE eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black
veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres ;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?
Lo ! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood ;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me ; and, of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD

39. *'Were I a King'*

WERE I a King, I might command content ;
Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares ;
And were I dead, no thoughts should me torment,—
Nor words, nor wrongs, nor love, nor hate, nor fears !
A doubtful choice for me, of three things, one to
crave :
A Kingdom, or a Cottage, or a Grave !

INEVITABLE

GEORGE CROLY

40. *The Genius of Death*

WHAT is Death ? 'Tis to be free !
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality :
All alike are humbled there !
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave ;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb !

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

41. *Upon a Funeral*

TO their long home the greatest princes go
In hearses drest with fair escutcheons round.
The blazons of an ancient race, renown'd
For deeds of valour ; and in costly show
The train moves forward in procession slow
Towards some hallow'd Fane ; no common ground,
But the arch'd vault and tomb with sculpture crown'd
Receive the corse, with honours laid below.
Alas ! whate'er their wealth, their wit, their worth,
Such is the end of all the sons of Earth.

JOHN McCRAE

42. *The Night Cometh*

COMETH the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro :
Around the church the headstones grey
Cluster, like children stray'd away
But found again, and folded so.

INEVITABLE

No chiding look doth she bestow :
If she is glad, they cannot know ;
If ill or well they spend their day,
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go :
They do not see the shadows grow ;
‘ There yet is time,’ they lightly say,
‘ Before our work aside we lay ’ ;
Their task is but half-done, and lo !
Cometh the night.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

43. *From ‘ The Induction ’*

O SORROW, alas, sith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
In vain it were to seek to cease the same :
But, as a man himself with sorrow slain,
So I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,
That here in sorrow art foresunk so deep
That, at thy sight, I can but sigh and weep.

‘ Lo here,’ quoth Sorrow ; ‘ Princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of fortune’s wheel,
Now laid full low, like wretches whirlèd down,
Ev’n with one frown, that stay’d but with a smile :
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought ; and what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer.’

INEVITABLE

STEPHEN HAWES

44. *The Pastime of Pleasure, Cap. xli*

How he was arrested by Death

BUT when I thought longest to endure
Deth with his darte arest me suddenly.
Obey ! he sayd, as ye may be sure—
You can resist nothing the contrary,
But that you must obey me naturally.
What you avayleth such treasure to take
Sithens by force ye must it now forsake ?
Alas ! quod I, nothing can me ayde,
'This worldly treasure I must leue behinde,
For Erth of Erth will haue this dette now payde.
What is this world, but a blast of wynde !
I must nedes dye, it is my natue kinde.

ANONYMOUS

45. *Inscription in Melrose Abbey*

THE earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold ;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth—All this is ours.

INEVITABLE

THOMAS GRAY

46. *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

INEVITABLE

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

47. *From 'The Second Part of Henry IV'*

SHALLOW. The mad days that I have spent ; and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

SILENCE. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHALLOW. Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

SILENCE. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHALLOW. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet ?

SILENCE. Dead, sir.

SHALLOW. Jesu ! Jesu ! dead ! a' drew a good bow ; and dead ! a' shot a fine shoot : John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead ! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score ; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now ?

SILENCE. Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHALLOW. And is old Double dead !

INEVITABLE

THOMAS CAMPION

48. *'Come, cheerful day'*

COME, cheerful day, part of my life, to me :
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
 And I still onward haste to my last night.
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly,
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordain'd for barren rest,
 How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
 By feigned death life sweetly to renew !
Part of my life, in that, you life deny :
So every day we live a day we die.

THOMAS WASHBOURNE

49. *Upon a Passing Bell*

HARK, how the Passing Bell
Rings out thy neighbour's knell !
 And thou, for want of wit
 Or grace, ne'er think'st on it ;
Because thou yet art well !

Fool ! In two days, or three,
The same may ring for thee !
 For Death's impartial dart
 Will surely hit thy heart !
He will not take a fee !

INEVITABLE

Since, then, he will not spare,
See thou thyself prepare
Against that dreadful day,
When thou shalt turn to clay !
This Bell bids thee, Beware !

ALEXANDER POPE

50. *Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*

WHAT can atone, O ever-injured shade !
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show ?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

INEVITABLE

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. .
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be ! . . .

THREE POEMS

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY FROM
THE UKRAINIAN OF FEDKOVICH

51.

i. The Flute

THE midnight fire flickers,
The embers slowly dying ;
The father sits at the table,
Heavily, sadly thinking.
The mother, too, sits quiet,
Sending swift prayers to Heaven.
Her heart is filled with grief,
But she knows not words to tell it.
The sisters finish their sewing
By the light of the kahanetz.

The brother has sought a corner
To pipe sad tunes on a flute.
He plays on the flute of Ivan,
Ivan who serves the Czar.
Suddenly, with a heart-cry,
He stops his sad, sweet playing :
' Ivan, Ivan, it sounds not !
Thy famous tunes are silent !
Where, O where art thou living
And how does my brother fare ? '

INEVITABLE

Brushing away his tears,
He placed his flute near the rafters ;
Quietly leaving the room
He went to sleep in the stable ;
That he might talk with the bay
Concerning Ivan, his brother.

And on the hot sands of Italy,
On the green grass lies a soldier,
Shot, awaiting death, alone, alone,
As a leaf in desert sands !
Only the moon is shining—
Above him the proud juniper
Her buds flings outward.

And he lies thinking, thinking—
Dreaming of his home,
Bidding good-bye to father,
To mother, brother, and sisters.
' Adieu, adieu, Kateryna,
With thine undying love,
With thy so sweet affection !
Adieu, my golden weapons,
Adieu, my bay in the stable,
That carried me to dances,
That knew my heart's deep secrets ! '

Then, low and faint in the distance,
There reached his ears, uncertain,
The sounds of sweet flute-piping.
They drifted into silence. . . .
The soldier's head has fallen,
The stars have faded away.

INEVITABLE

On Sunday in the village
Gather Ivan's companions :
' Brothers, come let us play it,
The famous flute of Ivan's !'
How vain were all their efforts !
'Twas dumb, as dumb as ever.

And on the hot sands of Italy,
Under the boughs of the juniper tree,
What does he dream, Ivan ?
Does he dream of the bay,
Or of Kateryna ?

52.

ii. Storm

' **H**OW it blows
From Yuha !
See how the dark cloud grows !
What wrath it brings ! . . .
But when, who knows,
O villagers of Yuha,
Will it dry
Your bleeding wounds ?
Ah, when . . . ?'

' Is it you, still,
O Villager of Yuha ?'
' Still it is I.
Cleansèd, my wounds
All healèd lie.'

INEVITABLE

53.

iii. The Recruit

IN the great Emperor's courtyard
He stood at his post on the pavement.
He washed his face and dried it
As the duck her wings in water.
He washed his face with his tears.—
None saw or heard in the silence.

He leaned his head on the bayonet
And slept for a precious moment,
In the great Emperor's courtyard
He slept on his sharp-tipped bayonet.

He dreamt that he walked on a mountain—
O blue was the dream-like mountain !
Brushing his hair in ringlets
He walked on thinking, thinking :
Why does my mother write not,
Or can she still be living ?

He heard her answer softly :
' I would like, my son, to write you,
But they made me a tomb so lofty
That I may not rise from beneath it.
Oh, rise I cannot, my Eagle !
For deep below, on the bottom,
They have covered my hands with earth-clods,
With earth that is lying heavy.'

In the great Emperor's courtyard
He would have dreamt still longer
But the bell on high St. Stephen's
Rang with a noisy clamour . . .

INEVITABLE

He wiped his face from the misting,
His bayonet wiped he dully . . .
Blood flows on the courtyard pavement
From the soldier lying dead there.

SIMON WASTELL (?) 1629

54.

Of Man's Mortalitie

I

LIKE as the Damaske Rose you see,
Or like the blossome on the tree,
Or like the daintie flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the Sunne, or like the shade,
Or like the Gourd which Ionas had :
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawne out, and cut, and so is done.
The Rose withers ; the blossome blasteth ;
The flower fades ; the morning hasteth ;
The Sun sets ; the shadow flies ;
The Gourd consumes ; and man he dies !

II

Like to the Grasse that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an houre, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a Swan :
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death.
The Grasse withers ; the tale is ended ;
The bird is flowne ; the dew 's ascended ;
The hour is short ; the span not long ;
The swan 's near death ; man's life is done.

INEVITABLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

55.

All things will die

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye ;
Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing
Over the sky.
One after another the white clouds are fleeting ;
Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating
Full merrily ;
Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow ;
The wind will cease to blow ;
The clouds will cease to fleet ;
The heart will cease to beat ;
For all things must die.

All things must die.
Spring will come never more.
Oh ! vanity !
Death waits at the door.
See ! our friends are all forsaking
The wine and the merrymaking.
We are called—we must go.
Laid low, very low,
In the dark we must lie.
The merry glees are still ;
The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.
Oh ! misery !
Hark ! death is calling

INEVITABLE

While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing ;
Ice with the warm blood mixing ;
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell :
Ye merry souls, farewell.

The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know,
Long ago.
And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore ;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Through eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

GEORGE HERBERT

56.

Virtue

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright !
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

INEVITABLE

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

ROBERT HERRICK

57.

To Daffodils

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong ;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

INEVITABLE

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

58. *The Hour of Death*

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey. . . .

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee !

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die ! . . .

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

INEVITABLE

JOHN WEBSTER

59.

A Dirge

ALL the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying ;
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time :
Survey our progress from our birth—
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites !
Sweetest breath and clearest eye
Like perfumes go out and die ;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

INEVITABLE

EDMUND WALLER

60.

Go, lovely Rose

GO, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

INEVITABLE

THOMAS NASHE

61. *In Time of Pestilence, 1593*

ADIEU, farewell earth's bliss !
This world uncertain is :
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly :
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us !

Rich men, trust not in wealth ;
Gold cannot buy you health ;
Physic himself must fade ;
All things to end are made ;
The plague full swift goes by ;
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us !

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour ;
Brightness falls from the air ;
Queens have died young and fair.
Dust hath closed Helen's eye ;
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us !

Strength stoops into the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave.
Swords may not fight with fate ;
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come ! the bells do cry ;
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us !

INEVITABLE

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness ;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply ;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us !

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny ;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky ;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord, have mercy on us !

WILLIAM DUNBAR

62. *Lament for the Makaris*

I THAT in heill was and glaidness
Am trublit now with great seikness
And feblit with infirmitie :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance heir is all vain glory,
This fals world is but transitory,
The flesh is brukle, the Feynd is slee :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The state of man does change and vary,
Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary,
Now dansand mirry, now like to die :—
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

INEVITABLE

No state in Erd heir standis sicker ;
As with the wynd wavis the wicker
So wavis this world's vanitie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Deid gois all Estatis,
Princis, Prelattis, and Potestatis,
Baith rich and poor of all degre :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the Knychtis in to feild
Enarmit under helm and scheild ;
Victour he is at all mellie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmercifull tyrand
Takis, on the motheris breast sowkand,
The babe full of benignitie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campioun in the stour,
The captain closit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of bewtie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscence
Na clerk for his intelligence ;
His awfull straik may no man flee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

INEVITABLE

Art-magicianis and astrologis,
Rethoris, logicianis, and theologis,
Them helpis no conclusionis slee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In medecyne the most practicianis,
Leechis, surrigianis and physicianis,
Themself fra Death may nocht supplee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the lave
Playis here their padyanis, syne gois to grave ;
Spairit is nocht their facultie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done petuously devour
The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour,
The Monk of Bury, and Gower, all three :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Sir Hew of Eglintoun,
Ettrick, Heriot, and Wyntoun,
He has tane out of this cuntrie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That scorpion fell hes done infeck
Maister John Clerk, and James Afflek,
Fra ballat-making and tragedie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

INEVITABLE

Holland and Barbour he has berevit ;
Alas ! that he not with us levit
Sir Mungo Lockart of the Lee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eke he hes tane,
That made the awnteris of Gawane ;
Sir Gilbert Hay endit hes he :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes Blind Harry and Sandy Traill
Slain with his schour of mortal hail,
Quhilk Patrick Johnstoun might nocht flee :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has reft Merseir his endyte
That did in luv so lively write,
So short, so quick, of sentence hie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has tane Rowll of Abirdene,
And gentill Rowll of Corstorphine ;
Two better fallowis did no man see :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dumfermelyne he has tane Broun
With Maister Robert Henrysoun ;
Sir John the Ross enbrasit hes he :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

INEVITABLE

And he hes now tane, last of a,
Good gentil Stobo and Quintyne Shaw,
Of quhom all wichtis hes pitie :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Good Maister Walter Kennedy
In poynt of dede lies verily ;
Great ruth it were that so suld be :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he hes all my brothers tane,
He will nocht let me live alane ;
Of force I mon his next prey be :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Since for the death remeid is none,
Best is that we for death dispone
After our death that live may we :—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

V. THE STING OF DEATH

‘Life’s Purpose unfulfilled!—This is thy sting, O Death!’

ALEXANDER POPE

63.

Ode

VITAL spark of heav’nly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling’ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
‘ Sister Spirit, come away ! ’
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav’n opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

THE STING OF DEATH

SIR NOEL PATON

64. *'Timor Mortis conturbat me'*

COULD I have sung one Song that should survive
The singer's voice, and in my country's heart
Find loving echo—evermore a part
Of all her sweetest memories ; could I give
One great Thought to the People, that should prove
The spring of noble action in their hour
Of darkness, or control their headlong power
With the firm reins of Justice and of Love ;
Could I have traced one Form that should express
The sacred mystery that underlies
All Beauty, and through man's enraptured eyes
Teach him how beautiful is Holiness,—
I had not feared thee. But to yield my breath,
Life's Purpose unfulfilled !—This is thy sting, O Death !

THE STING OF DEATH

WILLIAM WATSON

65. *The Great Misgiving*

‘NOT ours’, say some, ‘the thought of death to dread;
Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled hell :
Life is a feast, and we have banqueted—
Shall not the worms as well ?

‘The after-silence, when the feast is o’er,
And void the places where the minstrels stood,
Differs in nought from what hath been before,
And is nor ill nor good.’

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb sign—
The beckoning finger bidding me forgo
The fellowship, the converse, and the wine,
The songs, the festal glow !

And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,
And while the purple joy is passed about,
Whether ’tis ampler day divinelier lit
Or homeless night without ;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing !
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,
And there, O death, thy sting.

THE STING OF DEATH

THOMAS HOOD

66.

Death

IT is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight ;
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow ;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below ;
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

VI. THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

‘ O Earth ! art thou not weary of thy graves ? ’

ROBERT BLAIR

67.

The Grave

DULL Grave ! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face,
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now ? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant ? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware ? Ah ! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

68.

Sonnet

YE hasten to the grave ! What seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear ?
O thou quick heart, which pantest to possess
All that pale Expectation feigneth fair !
Thou vainly curious mind, which wouldest guess
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,
And all that never yet was known would know—
O whither hasten ye, that thus ye press
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking, alike from happiness and woe,
A refuge in the cavern of grey death ?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts ! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below ?

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

69.

Sonnet

AS, in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight ;
Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
Till ugly Death, depriving us of light,
In his grim misty arms thee did enfold.

THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see ?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That such perfections shall his reason rein,
If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee ?
World, plain no more of Love, nor count his harms ;
With his pale trophies Death hath hung his arms.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

70. *The Choice*

EAT thou and drink ; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Surely the earth, that 's wise being very old,
Needs not our help. Then loose me, love, and hold
Thy sultry hair up from my face ; that I
May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high,
Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold.
We'll drown all hours : thy song, while hours are toll'd,
Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky.
Now kiss, and think that there are really those,
My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase
Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way !
Through many years they toil ; then comes a day
They die not,—never having lived,—but cease ;
And round their narrow lips the mould falls close.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

71. *From ' Measure for Measure '*

DUKE. Be absolute for death ; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skye's influences,

THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble :
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain ;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none ;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age ;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

CLAUDIO. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,

THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

And, seeking death, find life : let it come on. . . .
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR

72. *'O Earth ! art thou not weary'*

O EARTH ! art thou not weary of thy graves ?
Dear patient mother Earth, upon thy breast
How are they heaped from farthest east to west !
From the dim north, where the wild storm-wind raves
O'er the cold surge that chills the shore it laves,
To sunlit isles by softest seas caressed,
Where roses bloom alway and song-birds nest,
How thick they lie—like flocks upon the waves !
There is no mountain-top so far and high,
No desert so remote, no vale so deep,
No spot by man so long untenanted,
But the pale moon, slow marching up the sky,
Sees over some lone grave the shadows creep !
O Earth ! art thou not weary of thy dead ?

THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

ALEXANDER MACPHAIL

73. *At an Unmarked Mound*

DUST unto dust ? Nay, shallow laid, she stirs,
I guess, when springtime and the streamlets call,
Even though, the while, her ever-thickening pall
Is wrought by the deft needles of the firs.
Ashes to ashes : still, I fancy hers
Must glow if any human breath at all
Shall breathe upon them, though the winter fall
A fathom deep, and doubly sure inters.

Faint as she whinnies in this studied rhyme,
Yet if a human child but shed a tear
For her, she rises, answering tears with mirth,
To roam through pastures green the livelong year ;
So she lives on, till, in a little time,
All living turns to earth : earth unto earth.

THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

74

A Saxon Epitaph

*THE earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers ;
The earth saith of the earth :
All shall be ours.*

Yea, though they plant and reap
The rye and the corn,
Lo, they were bond to Sleep
Ere they were born.

Yea, though the blind earth sows
For the fruit and the sheaf,
They shall harvest the leaf of the rose
And the dust of the leaf.

Pride of the sword and power
Are theirs at their need
Who shall rule but the root of the flower,
The fall of the seed.

They who follow the flesh
In splendour and tears,
They shall rest and clothe them afresh
In the fullness of years.

From the dream of the dust they came
As the dawn set free.
They shall pass as the flower of the flame
Or the foam of the sea.

*The earth builds on the earth
Cities and towers.
The earth saith of the earth :
All shall be ours.*

THE GRAVE'S TRIUMPH

ARTHUR REED ROPES

75.

In Autumn

OVER the grave in the grass,
Dead leaves eddy and play ;
Dead leaves, and the wind grieves
All night and day.

Under the grass of the grave,
Lips, that were red, are white ;
Dead lips, and the rain drips
All day and night.

VII. THE TYRANT

‘When Death driveth at the door, with his darts keen,
Then no truce can be taken.’

WILLIAM ALEXANDER

OF MENSTRIE, EARL OF STERLINE

76. *Coelia's Speech, in the Tragedy of
Croesus*

FIERCE tyrant, Death, who in thy wrath didst take
One half of me, and left one half behind :
Take this to thee, or give me th'other back,
Be wholly cruel, or be no way kind !

But whilst I live, believe, thou canst not die—
O ! even in spite of Death, yet still my choice !
Oft, with the inward all-beholding eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice ;

And to content my languishing desire,
To ease my mind, each thing some help affords ;
Thy fancied form doth oft such faith acquire,
That in all sounds I apprehend thy words.

Then, with such thoughts my memory to wound,
I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,
And where thou stept—O sacred seems that place !

THE TYRANT

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,
My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with tears,
These shall record what life by me is led
Since first sad news breath'd death into mine ears.

Though for more pain yet spar'd a space by death,
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave ;
For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with thy
breath,
Can kindle now no more but in thy grave ! . . .

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

77.

The Rose

BLOWN in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon :
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee ?
Th'art wondrous frolic, being to die so soon ;
And passing proud a little colour makes thee !
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane ;
For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
The sentence of thy early death contain.
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn !
And many Herods lie in wait, each hour,
To murder thee, as soon as thou art born ;
Nay, force thy bud to blow ! Their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death

THE TYRANT

THOMAS HOCCLEVE

78. *In Praise of Chaucer*

ALLAS ! my worthy maister honorable,
This londes verray tresour and richesse,
Dethe by thy dethe hath harme irreperable
Unto us done, hir vengeable duresse
Dispoiled hath this londc of swetnesse
Of rethoryk fro us, to Tullius
Was never man so like amonge us.

Also who was hyer in filosofye
To Aristotle in our tunge but thou ?
The steppes of Virgile in poysye
Thou folwedest eke, men wote wele ynow.
That combreworld that my maister slow,
Wolde I slayne were ! dethe was to hastyfe,
To renne on the and reve the thy lyfe.

Dethe hath but small consideracion
Unto the vertuous, I have espied,
Nomore, as sheweth the probacion,
Than to a vicious maister losell tried,
Amonge an hepe every man is maistried ;
With hir as wele the poore as the riche,
Lered and lewde, all stonden eliche.

She myght han taryed hir vengeaunce a while
Til that som man hade egall to the be.
Nay, lete be that ! she knewe wele that this yle
May never man bryng forthe like to the,
And hir office nedes do mote she ;
God bade hir do so, I truste for the beste,
O maister, maister, God thy soule reste !

THE TYRANT

ANONYMOUS

79. *Life and Death, 1460 ?*

WHEN Death driveth at the door • with his darts
 keen,
Then no truce can be taken • no treasure on earth ;
But all lordships be lost • and the life both.
If thou have pleased the Prince • that Paradise wieldeth,
There is no berne born • that may thy bliss reckon !
But if thou have wrongfully wrought • and wilt not
 amend,
Thou shalt bitterly bie • or else the Book faileth !

Why kill'st thou the body • that never care wrought ?
The grass, nor the green trees • grievèd thee never !
But come forth, in their kinds • Christians to help,
With all beauty and bliss • that berne might devise.
But of my meiny thou marreth • marvelled I have,
How thou dar'st do them to death • each day so many !
And the handiwork of Him • that Heaven wieldeth !
How keepest thou his commandments • thou caitiff
 wretch !

JOHN DRYDEN

80. *To the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew*

NOW all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies !

THE TYRANT

Not wit nor piety could fate prevent ;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine !

VIII. VICTORY

‘ Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learn’d and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.’

JOHN DONNE

81.

Death

DEATH, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so :
For those whom thou think’st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow ;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones and souls’ delivery !
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke ; why swell’st thou then ?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die !

VICTORY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

82.

Sonnet

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

WILLIAM BROWNE

83. *Epitaph on the Countess Dowager of
Pembroke*

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse :
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

VICTORY

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

84. *On his Friend, Joseph Rodman Drake*

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

BEATRICE CREGAN

85. *To my Friend F. A. B.*

DIED AUGUST 31, 1911

PALE as a pearl you were,
And dark the still, soft midnight of your hair,
My woman friend, so loved, so rare.

Wealth of your heart and brain,
Insight and humour, lore of books and men,
You spent them all to ease my pain.

Your beauty-loving eyes
Read deeper than a man's : you knew to prize
The wandering stars of darkened skies.

A man's love comes—and goes,
It marks where beauty ebbs—or flows :
Only a woman loves, and stays—and *knows*.

VICTORY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

86. *On his own Death*

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear :
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

BOWYER NICHOLS

87. *Lieut. Warneford, V.C.*

(*Iliad*, xvi. 676-83)

✓ WHOM the gods loved they gave in youth's first
flower
One infinite hour of glory. That same hour,
Before a leaf droops from the laurel, come
Winged Death and Sleep to bear Sarpedon home.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

88. *Finis*

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art ;
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

IX. 'THE SADNESS OF IT'

'O the sad day!'

THOMAS FLATMAN

89.

The Sad Day

O THE sad day !
When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me—
'Hark, how he groans !
Look, how he pants for breath !
See how he struggles with the pangs of death !'
When they shall say of these dear eyes—
'How hollow, and how dim they be !
Mark how his breast doth rise and swell
Against his potent enemy !'
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
But—when his next companions say
'How does he do ? What hopes ?'—shall turn away,
Answering only, with a lift-up hand—
'Who can his fate withstand ?'

Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before :
Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more !

THE SADNESS OF IT

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

90. *'Come not, when I am dead'*

COME not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry ;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest :
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie :
Go by, go by.

DAVID GRAY

91. *In the Shadows*

OCTOBER'S gold is dim—the forests rot,
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
Is wrapp'd in damp. In mire of village way
The hedge-row leaves are stamped ; and, all forgot,
The broodless nest sits visible in the thorn.
Autumn, among her drooping marigolds,
Weeps all her garnered sheaves, and empty folds,
And dripping orchards—plundered and forlorn.
The season is a dead one, and I die !
No more, no more for me the Spring shall make
A resurrection in the earth, and take
The death from out her heart—O God, I die !
The cold throat-mist creeps nearer, till I breathe
Corruption. Drop, stark night, upon my death !

THE SADNESS OF IT

ARABELLA E. SMITH

92. *'If I should die to-night'*

IF I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair ;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night !

 If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought ;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said ;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

 If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully ;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way ;
For who could war with dumb unconscious clay ?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

 Oh, friends, I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me ; I am travel-worn ;

THE SADNESS OF IT

My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

93. *'When I beneath the cold red earth am
sleeping'*

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more ?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore ?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make ;
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake ?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay ;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day ?

THE SADNESS OF IT

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
 Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
 The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
 For me—for all ?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
 On that low mound ;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
 Its loneliness crowned ;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
 Pacing it round ?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
 From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart ;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
 Let no tear start ;
It were in vain—for Time hath long been knelling—
 Sad one, depart !

THE SADNESS OF IT

J. TRUFFIER

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

94.

On Molière

DEAD—he is dead ! The rouge has left a trace
On that thin cheek where shone, perchance, a tear,
Even while the people laughed that held him dear
But yesterday. He died—and not in grace,
And many a black-robed caitiff starts apace
To slander him whose *Tartuffe* made them fear,
And gold must win a passage for his bier,
And bribe the crowd that guards his resting-place.

Ah, Molière, for that last time of all,
Man's hatred broke upon thee, and went by,
And did but make more fair thy funeral.
Though in the dark they hid thee stealthily,
Thy coffin had the cope of night for pall,
For torch, the stars along the windy sky !

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-WATSON

95.

Requiescat

BURY me deep when I am dead,
Far from the woods where sweet birds sing ;
Lay me in sullen stone and lead,
Lest my poor dust should feel the Spring.

THE SADNESS OF IT

Never a flower be near me set,
Nor starry cup nor slender stem,
Anemone nor violet,
Lest my poor dust remember them.

And you—wherever you may fare—
Dearer than birds, or flowers, or dew—
Never, ah me, pass never there,
Lest my poor dust should dream of you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

90. *From 'Twelfth Night'*

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid,
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O ! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O ! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

THE SADNESS OF IT

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

97. *The Soldier's Death-bed*

LIKE thee to die, thou sun !—My boyhood's dream
Was this ; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet the hour
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
Nature's deep longings : Oh ! for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze ;
Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
Some voice, to speak of hope and brighter days,
Beyond the pass of shadows ! But I go,
I that have been so loved, go hence alone ;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends ! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee
Mingles its cadence while you speak of me :
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

98. *The Young Girl*

From Hélène Vacaresco's ' Le Rhapsode de la Dimbovita '

DEAD : she is dead.
The glory of the day is done.
Who now will go at early morn
To wake the echoes in the sonorous well ?
Who will reply with song at even
Unto the plaintive voices of the sheep ?
Or who will send clear laughter ringing
Adown the pathways steep ?

THE SADNESS OF IT

Who now will set the spindle bounding,
And catch it as it flies ?

It was for her that shone the sun :
Better, O God, that his light were quenched !
For her the corn was decked with golden hair :
Better it were to strip from the corn his golden hair !
'Twas she the falling stars besought by night.

And now the Earth will take her.
When she tripped by the fresh-turned furrows,
The Earth said to her : Fair maid,
How eagerly I yearn for you,
To sleep within my heart,
Where all roots quicken.
I yield so many flowers for the plain,
Flowers that gleam in the full light of day,
I crave a flower for myself alone,
A flower that I may cherish,
A flower to gladden me.

And the Earth has taken her
And holds her in his arms.

Yet the young girl replied to the Earth :
Good fresh Earth, beseech you, take me not.
Gather me not in your arms.
The quickening seeds must suffice you,
And the light step of lovers.
Good fresh Earth, I desire not your embrace.
I wish to veil my head,
To be a wife, a woman strong for toil ;
To give my virgin warmth,
And breed strong youths
To cultivate the soil.
Good fresh Earth, take me not.
But the Earth has taken her.

THE SADNESS OF IT

The Earth holds her in his arms.
The Earth will never relent.

Dead : she is dead
Who now will go at early morn
To wake the echoes in the sonorous well ?
Who will reply with song at even
Unto the plaintive voices of the sheep ?
Or who will send clear laughter ringing
Adown the pathways steep ?
Dead. She is dead.

X. THE PITY OF IT

‘ She was so little—little in her grave,
The wide earth all around so hard and cold.’

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

99. *The Mother who died too*

SHE was so little—little in her grave,
The wide earth all around so hard and cold—
She was so little ! therefore did I crave
My arms might still her tender form enfold.
She was so little, and her cry so weak
When she among the heavenly children came—
She was so little—I alone might speak
For her who knew no word nor her own name.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

100. *Mimma Bella*

i

WHAT wast thou, little baby, that art dead—
A one-day’s blossom that the hoar-frost nips ?
A bee that ’s crusht, the first bright day it sips ?
A small dropt gem that in the earth we tread ?

Or cherub’s smiling gold-encircled head,
That Death from out Life’s painted missal rips ?
Or murmured prayer that barely reached the lips ?
Or sonnet’s fair first line—the rest unsaid ?

THE PITY OF IT

Oh, 'tis not hard to find what thou wast like ;
The world is full of fair unfinished things
That vanish like a dawn-admonished elf.

Life teems with opening forms for Death to strike ;
The woods are full of unfledged broken wings ;
Enough for us, thou wast thy baby self.

ii

Lo, through the open window of the room
That was her nursery, a small bright spark
Comes wandering in, as falls the summer dark,
And with a measured flight explores the gloom.

As if it sought, among the things that loom
Vague in the dusk, for some familiar mark,
And like a light on some wee unseen bark,
It tacks in search of who knows what or whom.

I know 'tis but a fire-fly ; yet its flight,
So straight, so measured, round the empty bed,
Might be a little soul's that night sets free ;

And as it nears, I feel my heart grow tight
With something like a superstitious dread,
And watch it breathless, lest it should be she.

WILLIAM BLAKE

101. *The Land of Dreams*

AWAKE, awake, my little boy !
Thou wast thy mother's only joy ;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep ?
Awake ! thy father does thee keep.

THE PITY OF IT

‘ O, what land is the Land of Dreams,
What are its mountains, and what are its streams ?
O father ! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

‘ Among the lambs, clothèd in white,
She walked with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn ;
O ! when shall I again return ? ’

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wander’d all night in the Land of Dreams ;
But tho’ calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

‘ Father, O father ! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear ?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.’

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

102. ‘ *When Bessie died* ’

WHEN Bessie died—
We braided the brown hair, and tied
It just as her own little hands
Had fastened back the silken strands

A thousand times—the crimson bit
Of ribbon woven into it
That she had worn with childish pride—
Smoothed down the dainty bow—and cried—
When Bessie died.

THE PITY OF IT

When Bessie died—
We drew the nursery blinds aside,
And, as the morning in the room
Burst like a primrose into bloom,
Her pet canary's cage we hung
Where she might hear him when he sung—
And yet not any note he tried,
Though she lay listening folded-eyed.

When Bessie died—
We writhed in prayer unsatisfied ;
We begged of God, and He did smile
In silence all the while ;
And we did see Him, through our tears,
Enfolding that fair form of hers,
She laughing back against His love
The kisses we had nothing of—
And death to us He still denied,
When Bessie died—

When Bessie died.

[From 'Old Fashioned Roses' by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1914. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

103. '*Child of a day*'

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return !

THE PITY OF IT

And why the wish ! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night ! O envied rest !
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

BEN JONSON

104. *Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy*

WEEP with me, all you that read
This little story ;
And know, for whom a tear you shed,
Death's self is sorry.
It was a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel ;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
Ah, sooth, the Parcae thought him one—
He played so truly.
So by error to his fate
They all consented,
But viewing him since, alas, too late
They have repented ;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him ;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

THE PITY OF IT

ROBERT HERRICK

105. *Upon a Child*

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies ;
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

JOHN MILTON

106. *On the Death of a fair Infant*

OF FAIREST flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry :
For he being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But killed alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed
Hid from the world in a low delvèd tomb ;
Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality that showed thou wast divine.

CHARLES LAMB

107. *On an Infant dying as soon as born*

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work.
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,

THE PITY OF IT

Was in her cradle-coffin lying ;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb !
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then strait up shut
For the long dark : ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below ?
Shall we say that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault ?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd ?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature :
Woman's self in miniature !
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,
That babe, or mother, one must die ;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch ; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When single state comes back again
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimèd life ?
The economy of Heaven is dark ;

THE PITY OF IT

And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why human buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day ; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ;
And crabbèd use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes ;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse ;
Music fram'd for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee ;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing ; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
A more harmless vanity ?

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

108.

Afterwards

HER life was touched with early frost,
About the April of her day,
Her hold on earth was lightly lost,
And like a leaf she went away.

THE PITY OF IT

At hush of eve we hear her still
Say with her clear, her perfect smile,
And with her silver-throated thrill :
' A little while—a little while.'

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

109.

Sonnet

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years
So to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now with golden rays of glory crown'd
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres ;
If heavenly laws, alas ! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all upbears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears.
Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice,
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
Mine offerings take ; let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise ;
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles, and these flow'rs be seen.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

110.

Of my dear son Gervase

CAN I, who have for others oft compil'd
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which, like a flow'r crusht, with a blast is dead,
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heav'nly dew ? . . .

THE PITY OF IT

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature or his tender age ;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage :
Let his pure soul, ordain'd seven years to be
In that frail body which was part of me,
Remain my pledge in Heav'n, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

111. *We too shall sleep*

NOT, not for thee,
Belovèd child, the burning grasp of life
Shall bruise the tender soul. The noise, and strife,
And clamour of midday thou shalt not see ;
But wrapped for ever in thy quiet grave,
Too little to have known the earthly lot,
Time's clashing hosts above thine innocent head,
Wave upon wave,
Shall break, or pass as with an army's tread,
And harm thee not.

A few short years
We of the living flesh and restless brain
Shall plumb the deeps of life and know the strain,
The fleeting gleams of joy, the fruitless tears ;
And then at last when all is touched and tried,
Our own immutable night shall fall, and deep
In the same silent plot, O little friend,
Side by thy side,
In peace that changeth not, nor knoweth end,
We too shall sleep.

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THE CITY OF
THE PITY OF IT

DAVID MACBETH MOIR

112.

Casa Wappy

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy ?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy ! . . .

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight ;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light !
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh ! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy ! . . .

We mourn for thee, when blind blank night
The chamber fills ;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills ;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wallflower and wild-pea—
Are changed : we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy ! . . .

THE PITY OF IT

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

113. *To the Memory of Elizabeth Nevell*

A NYMPH is dead, mild, virtuous, young, and fair ;
Death never counts by days, or months, or years :
Oft in his sight the infant old appears,
And to his earthly mansion must repair.
Why should our sighs disturb the quiet air ?
For when the flood of Time to ruin bears,
No beauty can prevail, nor parents' tears.
When life is gone, we of the flesh despair,
Yet still the happy soul immortal lives
In Heaven, as we with pious hope conceive ;
And to the Maker endless praises gives,
That she so soon this loathsome world might leave.
We judge that glorious spirit doubly blest,
Which from short life ascends t'eternal rest.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

114. ' *O God, to Thee I yield* '

O God, to Thee I yield
The gift Thou givest most precious, most divine !
Yet to what field
I must resign
His little feet
That wont to be so fleet,
I muse. O, joy to think
On what soft brink
Of flood he plucks the daffodils,
On what empurpled hills
He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
And wonders, if his father sees him now !

THE PITY OF IT

RICHARD REALF

115. *'Is the Grave deep, Dear?'*

IS the grave deep, dear? Deeper still is Love.
They cannot hide thee from thy Father's heart.
Thou liest below, and I stand here above,
 Yet we are not apart. . . .

Mine eyes ache for thee; God's heaven is so high
 We cannot see its singers; when thou dost
With thy lark's voice make palpitant all the sky,
 I moan and pain the most.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

116. *Vespers*

O BLACKBIRD, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
'Good Lord! she is so bright
To-night!'
The blackbird saith.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

117. *From 'Venus and Adonis'*

IF he be dead, O no! it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;
O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

THE PITY OF IT

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

118. *From 'The Princess'*

AS thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears !
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

119. *Vesta*

O CHRIST of God ! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home Thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue ;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

THE PITY OF IT

Her smile is as a listening child's
Who hears its mother call ;
The lilies of Thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in Thine ;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign !

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray ;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To Thee shall point the way !

CHARLES LAMB

120.

Hester

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

THE PITY OF IT

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call : if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning ?

ROBERT BROWNING

121.

Evelyn Hope

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
Little has yet been changed, I think :
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

THE PITY OF IT

Sixteen years old when she died !

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;
It was not her time to love ; beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,

And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?

What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old

And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?

We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love :

I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,

Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
Much is to learn and much to forget

Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,

That body and soul so pure and gay ?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,

And your mouth of your own geranium's red—

And what you would do with me, in fine,

In the new life come in the old one's stead.

THE PITY OF IT

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me :
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
'There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand !
There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BRIDGES

122.

On a Dead Child

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and
fair !

Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on
thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be
Thy father's pride ;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make
stronger.

THE PITY OF IT

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it:
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and
stiff ;
Yet feels to my hand as if
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed !—
Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death,
whither hath he taken thee ?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this ?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and
awaken thee ?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have
heard of, fail us.

THE PITY OF IT

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL

123. *The Water-nymph and the Boy*

I FLUNG me round him,
I drew him under ;
I clung, I drown'd him,
My own white wonder !

Father and mother,
Weeping and wild,
Came to the forest,
Calling the child,
Came from the palace,
Down to the pool,
Calling my darling,
My beautiful !
Under the water,
Cold and so pale !
Could it be love made
Beauty to fail ?

Ah me ! for mortals :
In a few moons,
If I had left him,
After some Junes
He would have faded,
Faded away,
He, the young monarch, whom
All would obey,
Fairer than day ;
Alien to springtime,
Joyless and grey,
He would have faded,
Faded away,

THE PITY OF IT

Moving a mockery,
Scorn'd of the day !
Now I have taken him
All in his prime,
Saved from slow poisoning
Pitiless Time,
Fill'd with his happiness,
One with the prime,
Saved from the cruel
Dishonour of Time.
Laid him, my beautiful,
Laid him to rest,
Loving, adorable,
Softly to rest,
Here in my crystalline,
Here in my breast !

CHARLES KINGSLEY

124.

The Sands of Dee

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee' ;
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
And never home came she.

THE PITY OF IT

'O is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.'

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea :
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

SYDNEY DOBELL

125. *Tommy's dead*

YOU may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'Tis cropp'd out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead. . . .

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head :
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred !

THE PITY OF IT

Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed !
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all 's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head ;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red. . . .

What am I staying for, boys ?
You 're all born and bred,
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she 's gone before, boys,
And Tommy 's dead. . . .

I'm not us'd to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head :
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

THE PITY OF IT

JAMES HOGG

126. *The Widow's Lament*

O H, thou art lovely yet, my boy,
Even in thy winding-sheet !
I canna leave thy comely clay,
An' features calm an' sweet.
I have no hope but for the day
That we shall meet again,
Since thou art gone, my bonnie boy,
An' left me here alane.

The flower, now fading on the lea,
Shall fresher rise to view ;
The leaf, just fallen frae the tree,
The year will soon renew :
But lang may I weep o'er thy grave,
Ere thou reviv'st again,
For thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
An' left me here alane !

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

127. *The Hebrew Mother*

A LAS ! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me ;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes ;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me ;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart ?

THE PITY OF IT

How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair !

And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its door away ?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill ?

Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,

With the full water-urn ;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?

Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear ?

THE PITY OF IT

EDITH NESBIT—MRS. BLAND

128.

Dirge

LET Summer go
To other gardens ; here we have no need of
her.

She smiles and beckons, but we take no heed of her,
Who love not Summer, but bare boughs and snow.

Set the snow free
To choke the insolent triumph of the year,
With birds that sing as though he still were here,
And flowers that blow as if he still could see.

Let the rose die—
What ailed the rose to blow ? she is not dear to us,
Nor all the summer pageant that draws near to us ;
Let it be over soon, let it go by !

Let winter come,
With the wild mourning of the wind-tossed boughs
To drown the stillness of the empty house
To which no more the little feet come home.

GEORGE BARLOW

129.

The Dead Child

BUT yesterday she played with childish things,
With toys and painted fruit.
To-day she may be speeding on bright wings
Beyond the stars ! We ask. The stars are mute.

THE PITY OF IT

But yesterday her doll was all in all ;
She laughed and was content.
To-day she will not answer, if we call :
She dropped no toys to show the road she went.

But yesterday she smiled and ranged with art
Her playthings on the bed.
To-day and yesterday are leagues apart !
She will not smile to-day, for she is dead.

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY

130. *On a Locket, with lock of hair of
Penelope his child. 1791*

BRIGHT, crispèd threads of pure, translucent gold !
Ye, who were wont with Zephyr's breath to play ;
O'er the warm cheek, and ivory forehead stray ;
Or clasp her neck in many an amorous fold ;
Now, motionless, this little shrine must hold ;
No more to wanton in the eye of day,
Or to the breeze your changing hues display ;
For ever still, inanimate, and cold !
Poor, poor, last relic of an angel face !
Sad setting ray, no more thy orb is seen !
O, Beauty's pattern, miracle of grace,
Must this be all that tells what thou hast been !
Come then, cold crystal, on this bosom lie,
Till Love, and Grief, and fond Remembrance die !

THE PITY OF IT

JOHN CLARE

131. *Graves of Infants*

INFANTS' gravemounds are steps of angels, where
Earth's brightest gems of innocence repose.
God is their parent, so they need no tear ;
He takes them to his bosom from earth's woes,
A bud their lifetime and a flower their close.
Their spirits are the Iris of the skies,
Needing no prayers ; a sunset's happy close.
Gone are the bright rays of their soft blue eyes ;
Flowers weep in dew-drops o'er them, and the gale gently
sighs.

Their lives were nothing but a sunny shower,
Melting on flowers as tears melt from the eye.
Each death . . .
Was tolled on flowers as Summer gales went by.
They bowed and trembled, yet they heaved no sigh,
And the sun smiled to show the end was well.
Infants have nought to weep for ere they die ;
All prayers are needless, beads they need not tell,
White flowers their mourners are, Nature their passing
bell.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

132. *On a Dead Child*

MAN proposes, God in His time disposes,
And so I wander'd up to where you lay,
A little rose among the little roses,
And no more dead than they.

THE PITY OF IT

It seem'd your childish feet were tired of straying,
You did not greet me from your flower-strewn bed,
Yet still I knew that you were only playing—
Playing at being dead.

I might have thought that you were really sleeping,
So quiet lay your eyelids to the sky,
So still your hair, but surely you were peeping,
And so I did not cry.

God knows, and in His proper time disposes,
And so I smiled and gently called your name,
Added my rose to your sweet heap of roses,
And left you to your game.

THOMAS ASHE

133. *A Machine Hand*

MY little milliner has slipp'd
The doctors, with their drugs and ways :
Her years were only twenty-two,
Though long enough her working-days.

At eight she went through wet and snow,
Nor dallied for the sun to shine ;
And walk'd an hour to work, and home
Content if she was in by nine.

She had a little gloomy room,
Up stair on stair, within the roof ;
Where hung her pictures on the wall,
Wherever it was weather-proof.

THE PITY OF IT

She held her head erect and proud,
Nor ask'd of man or woman aid ;
And struggled, till the last ; and died
But of the parish pit afraid.

Jennie, lie still ! 'The hair you loved
You wraps, unclipp'd, if you but knew !
We by a quiet graveyard wall,
For love and pity, buried you !

XI. O COME QUICKLY

‘ Here he lies where he long’d to be.’

THOMAS CAMPION

134.

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tirèd pilgrim’s limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
troubled breast.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever-blooming are the joys of Heaven’s high paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our
eyes :

Glory there the Sun outshines, whose beams the blessed
only see ;

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

ANNA BROWNELL MURPHY—MRS. JAMESON

135.

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest !

The long day is o’er,
I’m weary, I would sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more.

O COME QUICKLY

I have had joy and sorrow, I have prov'd
What life could give, have lov'd, and been belov'd ;
I am sick, and heart-sore,
And weary ; let me sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more.

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I come,
Prepare thy dreamless bed in my last home ;
Shut down the marble door,
And leave me ! Let me sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

ROBERT HERRICK

136.

To Death

THOU bidd'st me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years ;
And to repent some crimes,
Done in the present times :
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it :
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above ;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout ;
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence :
These done, I'll only cry,
' God, mercy ! ' and so die.

O COME QUICKLY

EDWARD DOWDEN

137. *Brother Death*

WHEN thou would'st have me go with thee, O Death,
Over the utmost verge, to the dim place,
Practise upon me with no amorous grace
Of fawning lips, and words of delicate breath,
And curious music thy lute uttereth ;
Nor think for me there must be sought-out ways
Of cloud and terror ; have we many days
Sojourned together, and is this thy faith ?
Nay, be there plainness 'twixt us ; come to me
Even as thou art, O brother of my soul ;
Hold thy hand out and I will place mine there ;
I trust thy mouth's inscrutable irony,
And dare to lay my forehead where the whole
Shadow lies deep of thy purpureal hair.

RICHARD CRASHAW

138. *Euthanasia*

WOULD'ST see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age ? would'st see December smile ?
Would'st see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow ?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a Spring ?
In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man ?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers ;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends ;

O COME QUICKLY

No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—
A kiss, a sigh, and so—away ;—
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see ?
Hark hither !—and thyself be he.

HERBERT EDWIN CLARKE

139. *A Cry*

LO, I am weary of all,
Of men and their love and their hate ;
I have been long enough Life's thrall
And the toy of a tyrant Fate.

I would have nothing but rest,
I would not struggle again ;
Take me now to thy breast,
Earth, sweet mother of men.

Hide me and let me sleep ;
Give me a lonely tomb
So close and so dark and so deep
I shall hear no trumpet of doom.

There let me lie forgot
When the dead at its blast are gone ;
Give me to hear it not,
But only to slumber on.

This is the fate I crave,
For I look to the end and see
If there be not rest in the grave
There will never be rest for me.

O COME QUICKLY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

140. *Requiem*

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he long'd to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

A. C. STEELE

141. *In Memoriam G. O.—A Sussex Peasant*

NO more for him the morning winds
Will blow fleet shadows o'er the downs,
No more for him the sunset-red
Will deepen o'er the Western towns.

His patient hands no more may wrest
Scant profit from the barren soil,
No more his tired feet may tread
The paths that marked his daily toil.

The horse his kindly voice controlled
(By loving tendance made his own)
Will chafe beneath a stranger's touch
And wonder at a stranger's tone.

O COME QUICKLY

Labour is prayer and God is love,
And when he sought his daily task
Be sure that in the eastern light
He, silent, gained what others ask.

Be sure that in the Western sun
His evening prayers were mutely said,
And when the long night came at last
Faith comforted his dying bed.

Confident as a child that turns,
When tired, on a lonely road,
To nestle on his father's arm,
Feeling in love a sure abode,

So dwelled he in his Maker's care,
Resigned no longer here to roam,
And when he bade his friend farewell
Said : ' Matey, I am going Home.'

He loved his wife, he reared his brood,
A quiet, steadfast Englishman,
A loyal worker firm in faith,—
Better the record ye who can !

And when for us the wild down winds
Blend dully with the wistful foam,
May we no greater trouble feel
Than ' Matey, I am going Home.'

O COME QUICKLY

ALFRED AUSTIN

142. *'Go away, Death'*

GO away, Death !
You have come too soon.
To sunshine and song I but just awaken,
And the dew on my heart is undried and unshaken ;
Come back at noon.

Go away, Death !
What a short reprieve !
The mists of the morning have vanished, I roam
Through a world bright with wonder, and feel it my
home ;
Come back at eve.

Go away, Death !
See, it still is light.
Over earth broods a quiet more blissful than glee,
And the beauty of sadness lies low on the sea ;
Come back at night.

Come to me, Death !
I no more would stay.
The night-owl hath silenced the linnet and lark,
And the wailing of wisdom sounds sad in the dark ;
Take me away.

O COME QUICKLY

CAROLINE SOUTHEY

143.

To Death

COME not in terrors clad, to claim
An unresisting prey ;
Come like an evening shadow, Death !
So stealthily, so silently !
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath ;
Then willingly—oh ! willingly
With thee I'll go away.

What need to clutch with iron grasp
What gentlest touch may take ?
What need, with aspect dark, to scare,
So awfully, so terribly,
The weary soul would hardly care,
Called quietly, called tenderly,
From thy dread power to break ?

'Tis not as when thou markest out
The young, the blest, the gay,
The loved, the loving—they who dream
So happily, so hopefully ;
Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,
And shrinkingly, reluctantly,
The summoned may obey.

But I have drunk enough of life—
The cup assigned to me
Dashed with a little sweet at best,
So scantily, so scantily—
To know full well that all the rest,
More bitterly, more bitterly,
Drugged to the last will be.

O COME QUICKLY

And I may live to pain some heart
That kindly cares for me—
To pain, but not to bless. O Death !
Come quietly—come lovingly,
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath ;
Then willingly—oh ! willingly,
With thee I'll go away.

GEORGE BOLEYN, VISCOUNT ROCHFORD ?

144. ' *O Death, rocke me on sleep* '

O DEATH, rocke me on sleep,
Bring me on quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast !
Toll on the Passing Bell !
Ring out the doleful knell !
Let the sound my death tell :
For I must die !
There is no remedy,
For now I die ! . . .

Farewell, my pleasures past !
Welcome, my present pain !
I feel my torments so increase,
That life cannot remain !
Cease now the Passing Bell !
Rung is my doleful knell !
For the sound my death doth tell !
Death doth draw nigh !
Sound my end dolefully !
For now I die.

O COME QUICKLY

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

145.

Obviam

I NEEDS must meet him, for he hath beset
All roads that men do travel, hill and plain ;
Nor aught that breathes shall pass
Unchallenged of his debt.
But what and if, when I shall whet
My front to meet him, then, as in a glass,
Darkly, I shall behold that he is twain—
Earthward a mask of jet,
Heavenward a coronet
Sun-flushed with roseate gleams—In any case
It hardly can be called a mortal pain
To meet whom met I ne'er shall meet again.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

146.

Reunited

WHEN you and I have play'd the little hour,
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
Yield up his sword ; and, smiling, draw the breath,
The first long breath of freedom ; when the flower
Of Recompense hath flutter'd to our feet,
As to an actor's ; and, the curtain down,
We turn to face each other all alone—
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,
Alone, and absolute, and free : O then,
O then, most dear, how shall be told the tale ?
Clasp'd hands, press'd lips, and so clasp'd hands again ;
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan
Of joy, and then our infinite Alone.

O COME QUICKLY

ROBERT BROWNING

147. *Prospice*

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

O COME QUICKLY

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

148.

Madrigal

MY thoughts hold mortal strife ;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my soul to bring
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize :
But he, grim-grinning King,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

149.

Sonnet

THEN hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss :
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come : so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

O COME QUICKLY

JOHN ANSTER

150.

Sonnet

IF I might choose where my tired limbs shall lie
When my task here is done, the Oak's green crest
Shall rise above my grave—a little mound
Raised in some cheerful village-cemetery—
And I could wish, that, with unceasing sound
A lonely mountain rill was murmuring by—
In music—through the long soft twilight hours ;—
And let the hand of her, whom I love best,
Plant round the bright green grave those fragrant flowers,
In whose deep bells the wild-bee loves to rest—
And should the robin, from some neighbouring tree,
Pour that dear song of her's—oh, softly tread,
For sure, if aught of Earth can sooth the Dead,
He still must love that pensive melody !

JAMES THOMSON

151. *On the Death of William Aikman*

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

O COME QUICKLY

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

152. *A Contemplation upon Flowers*

BRAVE flowers ! that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain !
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again !
You are not proud ! You know your birth ;
For your embroidered garments are from earth !

You do obey your months and times ; but I
Would have it ever Spring !
My fate would know no Winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing !
O, that I could my bed of earth but view,
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you !

O, teach me to see Death, and not to fear ;
But rather to take truce !
How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce !
You fragrant flowers then teach me, that my breath,
Like yours, may sweeten and perfume my death !

O COME QUICKLY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

153.

Thanatopsis

WHEN thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. . . .

O COME QUICKLY

So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

XII. LOVE AND DEATH

‘ I and this Love are one, and I am Death.’

JOHN RUSKIN

154. *‘ Trust Thou Thy Love ’*

TRUST thou thy Love : if she be proud, is she not
sweet ?

Trust thou thy Love : if she be mute, is she not pure ?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet ;
Fail, Sun and Breath !—yet, for thy peace, She shall
endure.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

155. *Death-in-Love*

THERE came an image in Life’s retinue
That had Love’s wings and bore his gonfalon :
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue !
Bewildering sounds, such as Spring wakens to,
Shook in its folds ; and through my heart its power
Sped trackless as the immemorable hour
When birth’s dark portal groaned and all was new.
But a veiled woman followed, and she caught
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,—
Then plucked a feather from the bearer’s wing,
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
And said to me, ‘ Behold, there is no breath :
I and this Love are one, and I am Death.’

LOVE AND DEATH

FREDERICK LOCKER

156. *Love, Time, and Death*

AH me, dread friends of mine,—Love, Time, and
Death !

Sweet Love who came to me on sheeny wing
And gave her to my arms—her lips, her breath,
And all her golden ringlets clustering :

And Time, who gathers in the flying years—

He gave me all, but where is all he gave ?

He took my Love and left me barren tears,—

Weary and lone I follow to the grave.

There Death will end this vision half-divine,—

Wan Death, who waits in shadow evermore,
And silent, ere he give the sudden sign ;

O, gently lead me thro' thy narrow door,

Thou gentle Death, thou trustiest friend of mine,

—Ah me for Love . . . *will* Death my Love restore ?

ANDREW MACPHAIL.

157. *Illusion*

BELOVED, Spring is come ! Do you not hear
The strong South wind's deep breathing in the
trees ?

—With all the lusty joy of youth he frees
Their limbs from bondage of the winter drear,—

Nor yet the bird notes rising high and clear

Above the merry whistling of the breeze ?

Will you not answer, if I join with these

My cry of longing and of love most dear ?

LOVE AND DEATH

Should I but nestle close beside the mound
This night, with ear alert, the grave might yield
Unto the Spring and Love some whispered sound,
That all this weary time you only dreamed.
When snows of winter levelled all the field,
O God, how very far away you seemed.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

158. *Severed Selves*

TWO separate divided silences,
Which, brought together, would find loving voice ;
Two glances which together would rejoice
In love, now lost like stars beyond dark trees ;
Two hands apart whose touch alone gives ease ;
Two bosoms which, heart-shrined with mutual flame,
Would, meeting in one clasp, be made the same ;
Two souls, the shores wave-mocked of sundering seas :—

Such are we now. Ah ! may our hope forecast
Indeed one hour again, when on this stream
Of darkened love once more the light shall gleam ?—
An hour how slow to come, how quickly past,—
Which blooms and fades, and only leaves at last,
Faint as shed flowers, the attenuated dream.

LOVE AND DEATH

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

159.

Lovesight

WHEN do I see thee most, beloved one ?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known ?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

LOVE AND DEATH

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

160. *The death in Paris of Jane Sophia,
Countess de Molandè*

TEARS ! are they tears indeed ?
And can the dead heart bleed ?
Suffering so long, so much,
O heart ! I thought no touch
Of pain could reach thee more !
Alas ! the thought is o'er.
I will wipe off the tear
That falls not on her bier
Who would have wept o'er mine.
Ah me ! that form divine
Above my reach must rest
And make the blest more blest.

EMMA LAZARUS

161. *A Symphonic Study*

HARK ! from unfathomable deeps a dirge
Swells sobbing through the melancholy air :
Where Love has entered, Death is also there.
The wail outrings the chafed, tumultuous surge ;
Ocean and earth, the illimitable skies,
Prolong one note, a mourning for the dead,
The cry of souls not to be comforted.
What piercing music ! Funeral visions rise,
And send the hot tears raining down our cheek.
We see the silent grave upon the hill
With its lone lilac-bush. O heart, be still !
She will not rise, she will not stir nor speak.
Surely, the unreturning dead are blest.
Ring on, sweet dirge, and knell us to our rest !

LOVE AND DEATH

EMMA LAZARUS

162.

Youth and Death

WHAT hast thou done to this dear friend of mine,
Thou cold, white, silent Stranger ? From my hand
Her clasped hand slips to meet the grasp of thine ;
Her eyes that flamed with love, at thy command
Stare stone-blank on blank air ; her frozen heart
Forgets my presence. Teach me who thou art,
Vague shadow sliding 'twixt my friend and me.

I never saw thee till this sudden hour.

What secret door gave entrance unto thee ?

What power is thine, o'ermastering Love's own power ?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

163.

Hic Jacet

SO Love is dead that has been quick so long !
Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his rest,
With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,
And leave him there, their pleasant scents among ;
And chant a sweet and melancholy song
About the charms whereof he was possessed,
And how of all things he was loveliest,
And to compare with aught were him to wrong.

Leave him beneath the still and solemn stars,
That gather and look down from their far place
With their long calm our brief woes to deride,
Until the Sun the Morning's gate unbars
And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his face ;—
And yet, had Love been Love, he had not died.

LOVE AND DEATH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

164.

Sonnet

TIR'D with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LOVE AND DEATH

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

165. *Not Thou but I*

IT must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine ; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness ; and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan :

And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thine eternity of sleep ;
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep :
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep,—
Thou hadst the peace and I the undying pain.

ROBERT BRIDGES

166. *'When 'Death to either shall come'*

WHEN Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own ;
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee.

LOVE AND DEATH

JOHN DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL

167. *'Grieve not, dear Love'*

GRIEVE not, dear Love ! although we often part :
But know, that Nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up, with tender art,
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For Nature, doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us daily schooled and exercised ;
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us !

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

168. *'Remain, ah not in youth alone'*

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone,
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay,
But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away.

'Can I be always by your side ?'
No ; but the hours you can, you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

LOVE AND DEATH

ANONYMOUS

169. *'Who shall go first'*

WHO shall go first to the shadowy land,
My love or I ?
Whose will it be in grief to stand
And press the cold, unanswering hand,
Wipe from the brow the dew of death,
And catch the softly fluttering breath,
Breathe the loved name nor hear reply,
In anguish watch the glazing eye—
His or mine ?

Which shall bend o'er the wounded sod,
My love or I ?
Commending the precious soul to God,
'Till the doleful fall of the muffled clod
Startles the mind to a consciousness
Of its bitter anguish and life-distress,
Dropping the pall o'er the love-lit past
With a mournful murmur, 'The last, the last'—
My love or I ?

Which shall return to the desolate home,
My love or I ?
And list for a step that shall never come,
And hark for a voice that must still be dumb,
While the half-stunned senses wander back
'To the cheerless life and thorny track,
Where the silent room and the vacant chair
Have memories sweet and hard to bear—
My love or I ? . . .

LOVE AND DEATH

WILLIAM HABINGTON

170.

To Castara

WHY should we fear to melt away in death ?
May we but die together. When beneath,
In a cool vault we sleep, the world will prove
Religious, and call it the shrine of Love.
'There, when o' th' wedding eve some beauteous maid,
Suspicious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vows ; o' th' sudden she
'Two violets sprouting from the tomb will see :
And cry out, ' Ye sweet emblems of their zeal
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveal
The story of our future joys, how we,
The faithful patterns of their love shall be ?
If not, hang down your heads oppress with dew,
And I will weep and wither hence with you.'

LOVE AND DEATH

GEORGE WITHER

171.

A Widow's Hymn

HOW near me came the hand of Death,
When at my side he struck my dear,
And took away the precious breath
Which quicken'd my belovèd peer !
How helpless am I thereby made !
By day how grieved, by night how sad !
And now my life's delight is gone,
—Alas ! how am I left alone !

'The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
'Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day ;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen ;
But what I once enjoy'd in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

Lord ! keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me :
'To him now dead preserve me just
In all that should performèd be !
For though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.

LOVE AND DEATH

DE PORCHERES

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS S. COLLYER

172. *'Hélas ! que ton mari'*

HERE lies the worthy husband of a Wife
Whose Virtues worthy of that Husband shone :
Love's charming Combat was their only strife ;
While in two bodies their two Souls were one.

An equal ardour either breast reveal'd :
Its favours Heaven bestow'd with equal hand ;
Both felt Love's wound, in neither bosom heal'd ;
United both in one celestial Band.

But He now sleeps : and She still wakes to mourn
Her solitary Couch, his lonely Urn ;
Nor has She join'd to his her parting breath.
No, no,—a fond exchange each Consort bears :
Half of his life within her Heart he shares ;
She in his Tomb partakes of half his Death.

RICHARD CRASHAW

173. *An Epitaph upon husband and wife who
 died and were buried together*

TO these, whom death again did wed,
This grave 's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep ;
Peace, the lovers are asleep !

LOVE AND DEATH

They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn ;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

JOHN DONNE

174.

The Relique

WHEN my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain, . . .
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay ? . . .

ANONYMOUS

175.

Sweet Willie and Fair Annie

I T'S I will kiss your bonny cheek,
And I will kiss your chin ;
And I will kiss your clay cald lip :
But I'll never kiss woman again.
And that I was in love outdone,
Sall n'er be said o' me ;
For as ye've died for me, Annie,
Sae will I do for thee !

LOVE AND DEATH

The day ye deal at Annie's burial,
The bread out and the wine ;
Before the morn at twall o'clock,
They'll deal the same at mine.

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tither in Mary's quire ;
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they drew,
Until they twa did meet ;
And every one that past them by,
Said, ' Thae 's twa lovers sweet.'

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

176. *Exequy on his Wife*

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint ;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss ! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee ! Thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Tho' almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day. . .

LOVE AND DEATH

Thou hast benighted me ; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (tho' overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past) :
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce had'st seen so many years
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run ;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion,
Like a fled Star, is fall'n and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
An earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne're was read in Almanack.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime ;
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then,
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And putting off thy ashy shroud
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me ! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes : never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world—like thine,
My Little World ! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire

LOVE AND DEATH

To our souls' bliss : then we shall rise
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, earth : much good
May my harm do thee ! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-liv'd right and interest
In her whom living I loved best. . . .
Be kind to her, and prithee look
'Thou write into thy Doomsday book
Each parcel of this rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie, . . .
As thou wilt answer Him that lent—
Not gave—thee my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw : my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted !
My last good-night ! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake :
'Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves ; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there : I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay :
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree
And every hour a step towards thee. . . .

LOVE AND DEATH

'Tis true,—with shame and grief I yield,—
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field ; -
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive
'The crime—I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

177. *Upon the death of Sir Albertus
Morton's wife*

HE first deceas'd ; she for a little tried
To live without him,—lik'd it not, and died.

III. FAREWELL

‘Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.’

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

178. *The Cossack goes to War*

From the Ruthenian

O WHITHER goest thou, O my heart ?
Thou sayest that we twain must part.
What of thy vows to guard and cherish ?
Without thy love, alas, I perish.
Say what dire chance divideth us,
Or dost thou plan to fool me thus ?

Nay, Sweetheart, weep not—love me.

Come close to my heart.

I'll come back, as God is above me

(O Love, my Love thou art !)

In the fall of the year, if God so please,

When the leaves fall from the cranberries.

WILLIAM MORRIS

179. *Pain and Time strive not*

WHAT part of the dread eternity
Are those strange minutes that I gain,
Mazed with the doubt of love and pain,
When I thy delicate face may see,
A little while before farewell ?

FAREWELL

What share of the world's yearning-tide
That flash, when new day bare and white
Blots out my half-dream's faint delight,
And there is nothing by my side,
And well remembered is farewell ?

What drop in the grey flood of tears
That time, when the long day toiled through,
Worn out, shows nought for me to do,
And nothing worth my labour bears
The longing of that last farewell ?

What pity from the heavens above,
What heed from out eternity,
What word from the swift world for me ?
Speak, heed, and pity, O tender love,
Who knew'st the days before farewell !

COVENTRY PATMORE

180.

A Farewell

WITH all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposèd paths to persevere.
Go thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away.
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,

FAREWELL

The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazèd meet ;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

181.

Remember

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land ;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd :
Only remember me ; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve ;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

FAREWELL

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

182.

Song

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree :
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain :
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

183.

Sonnet

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

FAREWELL

O! if,—I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay ;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

184. *A Voice from afar*

WEEP not for me ;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now too I hear
Of whisper'd sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread ;—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

FAREWELL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

185. *From 'The First Part of Henry IV'*
Hotspur

FARE thee well, great heart !
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough : this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

THOMAS CARLYLE

186. *Adieu*

LET time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine ;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.
The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone ;
If nought but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

FAREWELL

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall ;
In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
 My dear,
I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain ;
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part,—
We ne'er can meet again,
 My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow ;
We blessed were as the angels are,—
Adieu forever now,
 My dear,
Adieu forever now.

EDWARD DOWDEN

187.

Song

GIRLS, when I am gone away,
On this bosom strew
Only flowers meek and pale,
And the yew.

Lay these hands down by my side,
Let my face be bare ;
Bind a kerchief round the face,
Smooth my hair.

FAREWELL

Let my bier be borne at dawn,
Summer grows so sweet,
Deep into the forest green
Where boughs meet.

Then pass away, and let me lie
One long, warm, sweet day
There alone with face upturn'd,
One sweet day.

While the morning light grows broad,
While noon sleepeth sound,
While the evening falls and faints,
While the world goes round.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

188.

Messages

WHAT shall I your true-love tell,
Earth-forsaking maid ?
What shall I your true-love tell,
When life's spectre 's laid ?

' Tell him that, our side the grave,
Maid may not conceive
Life should be so sad to have,
That 's so sad to leave ! '

What shall I your true-love tell,
When I come to him ?
What shall I your true-love tell—
Eyes growing dim !

FAREWELL

‘ Tell him this, when you shall part
From a maiden pined ;
That I see him with my heart,
Now my eyes are blind.’

What shall I your true-love tell ?
Speaking-while is scant.
What shall I your true-love tell,
Death’s white postulant ?

‘ Tell him—love, with speech at strife,
For last utterance saith :
I, who loved with all my life,
Love with all my death.’

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, LADY NAIRNE

189. *The Land o’ the Leal*

I’M wearin’ awa’, John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I’m wearin’ awa’
To the land o’ the leal.
There ’s nae sorrow there, John,
There ’s neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o’ the leal.

Our bonnie bairn ’s there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John ;
And O ! we grudged her sair
To the land o’ the leal.

FAREWELL

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy 's a-coming fast, John,
The joy that 's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear 's the joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
O, dry your glistening e'e, John !
My saul lings to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John !
Your day it 's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

190. *Dirge of the Gipsies*

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?
From the body pass away ;—
Hark ! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need ;—
Hark ! the knell is ringing.

FAREWELL

Fear not snowdrift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast ;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

191.

Life

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me. . . .

Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

FAREWELL

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

192. *The Spring of the Tear*

GONE were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold 's the snow at my head,
And cold at my feet ;
And the finger of death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
Or my mother so dear,—
I'll meet them both in heaven
At the spring of the year.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER ('BARRY
CORNWALL')

193. *'Softly woo away her breath'*

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
Gentle Death !
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life ;
She hath seen her happy day ;
She hath had her bud and blossom ;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

FAREWELL

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear !
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet Love !
Good she was, and fair in youth ;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth ;
Take her, then, for evermore,—
For ever—evermore !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

194.

The last word

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said.
Vain thy onset ! all stands fast !
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease !
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will !
Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?
Better men fared thus before thee !
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and broke at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall !

FAREWELL

SIR WALTER SCOTT

195. *From 'The Fair Maid of Perth'*

YES, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground.
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid.
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill ;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.

XIV. THIS IS THY HOUR

‘This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the
wordless.’

WALT WHITMAN

196. *A clear Midnight*

THIS is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the
wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the
lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the
themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

197. *Requiescat*

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly glides
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die !
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

THIS IS THY HOUR

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL

198.

Dying

THEY are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home ;
They will toil and grieve no more ;
The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind,
Like a dimly blending dream ;
There is nothing left to bind
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat,
There is nothing left to do ;
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew ;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest,
In the shadow of the tree ;
After battle sleep is best,
After noise tranquillity.

THIS IS THY HOUR

JOHN OLDHAM

199.

A Quiet Soul

THY soul within such silent pomp did keep,
As if humanity were lull'd asleep ;
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
Or the soft journey which a planet goes.
Life seem'd all calm as its last breath.
A still tranquillity so hush'd thy breast,
As if some Halcyon were its guest,
And there had built her nest ;
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest. . . .
Go, happy Soul, ascend the joyful sky,
Joyful to shine with thy bright company. . . .

ROBERT HERRICK

200.

Eternity

O YEARS ! and Age ! farewell :
Behold I go
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.
And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' th' sea
Of vast Eternity.
Where never Moon shall sway
The stars ; but she
And Night, shall be
Drown'd in one endless Day.

THIS IS THY HOUR

WALT WHITMAN

201. *The last invocation*

AT the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of the
 well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth ;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul !

Tenderly ! be not impatient !
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh !
Strong is your hold, O love.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

202. *From 'Romeo and Juliet'*

HOW oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
A lightning before death : O ! how may I
Call this a lightning ? O my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?

THIS IS THY HOUR

O ! what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, cousin ! Ah ! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again : here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O ! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last !
Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
Here 's to my love ! O true apothecary !
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

THIS IS THY HOUR

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

203.

Madrigal

THE beauty and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears ! O grief ! hung at a feeble thread
To which pale Atropos had set her knife ;
The soul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart :
Nought else did want, save death, ev'n to be dead ;
When the afflicted band about her bed,
Seeing so fair him come in lips, cheeks, eyes,
Cried, '*Ab ! and can Death enter Paradise ?*'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

204.

'Leave me, O Love'

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things !
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust :
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be ;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold ! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh Heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world ! thy uttermost I see :
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me !

XV. PROTEST

‘ My God, how great the recompense must be ! ’

JOHN M. SYNGE

205.

A Question

I ASK'D if I got sick and died, would you
With my black funeral go walking too,
If you'd stand close to hear them talk or pray
While I'm let down in that steep bank of clay.

And, No, you said, for if you saw a crew
Of living idiots pressing round that new
Oak coffin—they alive, I dead beneath
That board—you'd rave and rend them with your teeth.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

206.

Dora

SHE knelt upon her brother's grave,
My little girl of six years old—
He used to be so good and brave,
The sweetest lamb of all our fold ;
He used to shout, he used to sing,
Of all our tribe the little king—

PROTEST

And so unto the turf her ear she laid,
To hark if still in that dark place he played.
No sound ! no sound !
Death's silence was profound ;
And horror crept
Into her aching heart, and Dora wept.
If this is as it ought to be,
My God, I leave it unto Thee.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

207.

'Why this waste?'

THAT eyes which pierced our inmost being through ;
That lips which pressed into a single kiss,
It seemed, a whole eternity of bliss ;
That cheeks which mantled with love's rosy hue ;
That feet which wanted nothing else to do
But run upon love's errands, this and this ;
That hands so fair they had not seemed amiss
Reached down by angels through the deeps of blue ;—
That all of these so deep in earth should lie
While season after season passeth by ;
That things which are so sacred and so sweet
The hungry roots of tree and plant should eat !
Oh for one hour to see as Thou dost see,
My God, how great the recompense must be !

PROTEST

CLARENCE CHATHAM COOK

208. *On one who died in May*

WHY, Death, what dost thou here,
This time o' year ?
Peach-blow and apple-blossom ;
Clouds, white as my love's bosom ;
 Warm wind o' the west
 Cradling the robin's nest ;
Young meadows hasting their green laps to fill
With golden dandelion and daffodil :
 These are fit sights for spring ;
 But, oh, thou hateful thing,
 What dost thou here ?

Why, Death, what dost thou here,
 This time o' year ?
Fair, at the old oak's knee,
The young anemone ;
Fair, the plash places set
With dog-tooth violet ;
 The first sloop-sail ;
 The shad-flower pale ;
Sweet are all sights,
Sweet are all sounds of spring ;
But thou, thou ugly thing,
 What dost thou here ?

PROTEST

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

209. *From 'The Princess'*

ASK me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the
shape

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :
I strove against the stream and all in vain :
Let the great river take me to the main :
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
Ask me no more.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

210. *A Prayer*

GOD ! do not let my loved one die,
But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
Enough to enter Thy pure clime,
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below !

PROTEST

O, let her stay ! She is by birth
What I through death must learn to be ;
We need her more on our poor earth
Than Thou canst need in heaven with Thee :
She hath her wings already, I
Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me ! We shall be near,
More near than ever, each to each :
Her angel ears will find more clear
My heavenly than my earthly speech ;
And still, as I draw nigh to Thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be.

EMILY BRONTË

211.

A Death-Scene

‘ O DAY ! he cannot die
When thou so fair art shining !
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining ;

‘ He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing !

‘ Edward, awake, awake—
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden’s lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams !

PROTEST

‘ Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend, I pray
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,
Wouldst yet one hour delay :

‘ I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high ;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.’ . . .

One long look, that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear—
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer. . . .

Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep ;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved, and never closed ;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—
Wandered not, nor yet reposed !

So I knew that he was dying—
Stooped, and raised his languid head ;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,
So I knew that he was dead.

XVI. CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

“ Rise,” said the Master, “ Come unto the feast,”
She heard the call and rose with willing feet.’

THOMAS HOOD

212. *The Death-bed*

WE watch’d her breathing thro’ the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro !

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about !
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out !

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died !

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours !

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

JAMES ALDRICH

213. *A Death-bed*

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed that long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all its state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

214. *Reply*

SHE pass'd away like morning dew,
Before the sun was high ;
So brief her time, she scarcely knew
The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
Sweet love around her floated ;
Admired she grew—while mortal doom
Crept on, unfear'd, unnoted.

Love was her guardian Angel here,
But Love to Death resign'd her ;
Tho' Love was kind, why should we fear
But holy Death is kinder ?

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

215. *After Death*

THE curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him ; but I heard him say :
‘ Poor child, poor child ’ : and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head :
He did not love me living ; but once dead
He pitied me ; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

HENRY ALFORD

216. *The Master's Call*

‘ RISE,’ said the Master, ‘ come unto the feast.’
She heard the call and rose with willing feet ;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace gate
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listen’d underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whisper’d short and soft.
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

217.

Dinge

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
Even while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !—
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

218.

Requiescat

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew !
In quiet she reposes ;
Ah ! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required ;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound ;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath ;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

ADELAIDE D. ROLLSTON

219. *If I had known*

SHE lay with lilies on her pulseless breast,
Dim, woodland lilies wet with silver dew.
'Dear heart,' he said, 'in life she loved them best !
For her sweet sake the fragrant buds were blown,
For her in April-haunted nooks they grew
Oh, love, if I had known !

'If I had known, when yesterday we walked,
Her hand in mine, along the hedges fair,
That even then the while we careless talked,
The shadow of a coming loss was there,
And death's cold hand was leading us apart—
If I had known the bud she would not wear
Nor touch, lest she should mar that perfect grace,
To-day would press its dewy, golden heart
Against her poor, dead face !

'Last year, when April woods were all aglow,
She said, "if it be death to fall asleep,"
And, bending, kissed the lilies sweet and wet,
"A dreamless sleep from which none wake to weep !—
When I lie down to that long slumber, dear,
And life for you has dark and empty grown,
Come to me then, and though I shall not hear,
Lay your sad lips to mine, and whisper low :
*If I had known ! Oh, love, if I had known !
That you would not forget."*'

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

THOMAS S. COLLYER

220.

Not Lost

YES, cross in rest the little, snow-white hands,
Do you not see the lips so faintly red
With love's last kiss ? Their sweetness has not fled,
Though now you say her sinless spirit stands
Within the pale of God's bright summer lands.
Gather the soft hair round the dainty head,
As in past days. Who says that she is dead,
And nevermore will heed the old commands ?

To your cold idols cling ; I know she sleeps,
That her pure soul is not by vexed winds tost
Along the pathless altitudes of space.
This life but sows the seed from which one reaps
The future's harvest. No, I have not lost
The glory and the gladness of her face.

WILLIAM WINTER

221.

Asleep

HE knelt beside her pillow, in the dead watch of the
night,
And he heard her gentle breathing, but her face was
still and white,
And on her poor, wan cheek a tear told how the heart can
weep,
And he said, ' My love was weary—God bless her ! she 's
asleep.'

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

He knelt beside her gravestone in the shuddering autumn
night,

And he heard the dry grass rustle, and his face was thin
and white,

And through his heart the tremor ran of grief that
cannot weep,

And he said, ' My love was weary—God bless her ! she 's
asleep.'

JOHN HAY

222. '*In the dim chamber*'

IN the dim chamber whence but yesterday
Passed my belovèd, filled with awe I stand ;

And haunting Loves fluttering on every hand
Whisper her praises who is far away.

A thousand delicate fancies glance and play

On every object which her robes have fanned,

And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand

In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.

Ah ! could that glass but hold the faintest trace

Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,

The clustering glory of the shadowy hair

That framed so well the dear young angel-face !

But no, it shows my own face, full of care,

And my heart is her beauty's dwelling-place.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

223. *On the Death of Coleridge*

AND thou art gone, most loved, most honoured friend !
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of Earth its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,
The Human Soul,—as when, pushed off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright ! For oft we seemed
As on some starless sea,—all dark above,
All dark below,—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us streamed.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved : thy living Truths are left.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

224. *The Silver Bridge*

THE sunset fades along the shore,
And faints behind yon rosy reach of sea.
Night falls again, but oh, no more,
No more, no more,
My love returns to me.
The lonely moon builds soft and slow
Her silver bridge across the main,
But him who sleeps the wave below
Love waits in vain,
Ah no, ah no,
He never comes again !

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

But while some night beside the sea
I watch, when sunset's red has ceased to burn,
That silver path, and sigh, ' Ah me,

Ah me, ah me,

He never will return ! '

If on that bridge of rippling light,
His homeward feet should find their way,
I should not wonder at the sight,

But only say :

' Ah love, my love,

I knew you would not stay ! '

ERNEST RHYS

225.

White Roses

NO sleep like hers, no rest,
In all the earth to-night :
Upon her whiter breast
Our roses lie so light.

She had no sins to lose,
As some might say ;
But calmly keeps her pale repose
Till God's good day.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

ANDREW MARVELL

226.

An Epitaph

ENOUGH : and leave the rest to Fame.
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship which, living, she declin'd,
When dead, to offer were unkind,
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious praises spill ?
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend.

To say, she lived a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlaced ;
Nor was, when vice is so allow'd,
Of virtue or asham'd or proud ;
That her soul was on Heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went ;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summ'd her life up every day ;
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night :
'Tis true : but all too weakly said ;
'Twere more significant, she 's dead.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

WALT WHITMAN

227. *'O Captain ! My Captain !'*

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring ;

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red !

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning ;

Here, Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;

Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

ANDREW MACPHAIL

228. *New-Mown Hay*

From Hélène Vacaresco's 'Le Rhapsode de la Dimbovita'

I AM the flowers of yesterday.
I have drunk of my last dew.
Young maidens sang at my death
And the moon sees me laid
In my dewy shroud.

And yesterday's flowers, which yet live in me,
Have given place to flowers of to-morrow.
And the young girls who sang at my death,—
Youth is the time for singing,—
Must needs themselves give way
To maidens following after.
And as my soul, so their soul too,
Laden with fragrance, will remain.
But to-morrow's maidens never will know
That I did blossom once.

They will gaze upon other flowers ;
But my sweetly-scented soul
Will recall to the minds of women
The days when they were young.
And they will regret that they sang as I died.
I bear with me also the sorrow of butterflies,
The sun's remembrance,
And the murmurs of spring.

My fragrance is sweet as a child's first word,
My essence is drawn from the fecund earth :
It will long outlive my life.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

I say to the flowers of to-morrow, born of my roots,
Love the sun as we have loved :
Love all lovers and the birds,
So when they see you bloom afresh
They will not think upon my death,
But always dream these are the self-same flowers
Even as the sun, who thinks he always sees
The same flowers and birds upon the earth,
Because he is immortal,
And never thinks of death.

MARY EMILY BRADLEY

229.

In 'Death

HOW still the room is ! But a while ago
The sound of sobbing voices vexed my ears,
And on my face there fell a rain of tears—
I scarce knew why or whence, but now I know.
For this sweet speaking silence, this surcease
Of the dumb, desperate struggle after breath,
This painless consciousness of perfect peace,
Which fills the place of anguish—it is Death !
What folly to have feared it ! Not the best
Of all we knew of life can equal this,
Blending in one the sense of utter rest,
The vivid certainty of boundless bliss !
O Death, the loveliness that is in thee,
Could the world know, the world would cease to be.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

JAMES BEATTIE

230. *Epitaph intended for himself*

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee I once have stemmed the sea of life,
Like thee have languished after empty joys,
Like thee have laboured in the stormy strife,
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys. . . .

Forget my frailties ; thou art also frail :
Forgive my lapses ; for thyself may'st fall :
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale—
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

231. *Translated from Chiabrera*

WEEP not, beloved Friends ! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken ; this is genuine life
And this alone—the life which now I live
In peace eternal ; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.—
Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,
His tombstone thus should speak for him. And surely

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world ; a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

232. *Epitaph on a Jacobite*

TO my true king I offer'd, free from stain,
Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languish'd in a foreign clime,
Grey-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I ask'd, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

233. *From 'Maud'*

DEAD, long dead,
Long dead !
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter,
And here beneath it is all as bad,
For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so ;
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad ?
But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

EDGAR ALLAN POE

234.

' For Annie

THANK Heaven ! the crisis—
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called ' Living '
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length :
But no matter—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing !

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That madden'd my brain—
With the fever called ' Living '
That burn'd in my brain.

And O ! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst—
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst,

Of a water that flows
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah ! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed ;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses :

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odour,
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie—
Drown'd in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kiss'd me,
She fondly caress'd,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguish'd,
She cover'd me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed
(Knowing her love),
That you fancy me dead—
And I rest so contentedly,
Now, in my bed
(With her love at my breast),
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

ANDREW MACPHAIL

235.

I am Content

From Hélène Vacaresco's 'Le Rhapsode de la Dimbovita'

I HAD a spindle cut from the hazel-tree ;
It fell in the water, not far from the mill,
But the water never returned it to me.

The soldier said, as he lay a-dying,
'I am content.
Send word to my mother who lives in the town,
And to my beloved who dwells in a hut,
So they may join hands and pray for my soul.'

The soldier is dead. His sweetheart and mother
Have joinèd their hands, and prayed for his soul.
They diggèd his grave on the field of the battle ;
The earth where they laid him was reddened with blood ;
And the sun said, as he witnessed the scene,
'I too am content.'
The flowers have grown on his grave,
Each flower contented to blossom.

And when the wind rustled among the tree-tops,
'The flag in the breeze ?' the soldier exclaimed.
'No, my boy,' said the wind, 'You are dead in the battle,
But the flag flies aloft where your comrades have placed it.'
And the soldier replied from the depth of his tomb,
'I am content.'

CROSSED HANDS AND CLOSED EYES

He heard the swift trampling of shepherds and sheep,
And the soldier demanded, 'Is this war's alarm ?'
'No, my boy. You are dead. The warfare is ended.
But your country is joyous and free.'
And the soldier replied from the depth of his tomb,
'I am content.'

Once more, 'twas the laughter of lovers he heard,
And he asked: 'Are these sounds in remembrance of me ?'
'No, no, we think not of others,' the lovers protested,
'The spring-time is here, and the earth is in smiles.
The dead must be forgot.'
Then the soldier declared from the depth of his tomb,
'I am content.'

XVII. BEREAVEMENT

‘ Courage, poor heart of stone !
I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left for ever alone :
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.’

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

236.

Substitution

WHEN some belovèd voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope ? what help ? what music will undo
That silence to your sense ? Not friendship’s sigh.
Not reason’s subtle count. Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew.
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon ! nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted,—nor the angels’ sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ !—and fill this pause.

BEREAVEMENT

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

237. *From 'Palamon and Arcite'*

‘ALLAS, the wo ! allas, the peynes stronge,
That I for yow have suffred, and so longe !
Allas, the deeth ! allas, myn Emelye !
Allas, departing of our companye !
Allas, myn hertes quene ! allas, my wyf !
Myn hertes lady, endere of my lyf !
What is this world ? what asketh men to have ?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Allone, with-outen any companye.
Far-wel, my swete fo ! myn Emelye !’

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

238. *From 'Venus and Adonis'*

SHE looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told ;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies ;
Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :
‘Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.’

BEREAVEMENT

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

239. *From 'To J. S.'*

WORDS weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease ;
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace :
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet ;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

240. *From 'In Memoriam'*

'TIS well ; 'tis something ; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

BEREAVEMENT

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me ;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

.

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak :
' This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, ' Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth : ' Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power ?

' A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon ? '

BEREAVEMENT

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :
Ye never knew the sacred dust :
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And one is glad ; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

JOHN RUSKIN

241. *The last Smile*

SHE sat beside me yesternight,
With lip and eye so sweetly smiling,
So full of soul, of life, of light,
So beautifully care-beguling,
That she had almost made me gay,
Had almost charmed the thought away
(Which, like the poisoned desert wind,
Came sick and heavy o'er my mind),
That memory soon mine all would be,
And she would smile no more for me.

MARY LINDA BRADLEY

242. *The Women of France*

[1914]

WOMEN of France, bring ye the harvest in.
Willing, you would have helped to reap the grain
Beside your men ; now, where they left, begin
That labour with your glory and your pain.

BEREAVEMENT

The Man of State has said to you : Complete
The gathering of crops that lie supine.
And fields will smile beneath the children's feet,
Who seek their mothers by the wheat and vine.

Kneeling to work, where service offers prayer,
Bind ye the sheaves on wide, deserted farms ;
And, with your gestures of bereaved despair,
Load high the grain with tense, lamenting arms.

One, in the vineyard—silent, who had sung—
Plucks the pale grape, and dreams on yonder cloud,
New from the East. What sign has Heav'n out-flung ?
White victory-wings, or the dead lover's shroud ?

She who has vowed her strength to make a man,
Unborn as yet, strong to replace his sire,
Gleans in the sun and will not stop to scan
Over the valley, smoke of foemen's fire.

The harvest shall come in, the grapes be prest—
By one who still may call on Christ to save
Her soldier, and by one whose aching breast
Fed the cold mouth, dust-clotted in some grave.

O faithful to your blessed womanhood !
Bread for another's child, though yours be stark :
Wine for remembrance of beloved blood :
The day for strain and sweat—tears for the dark.

So !—until France lay down the votive sword,
And, having spent her souls to fight and win,
She garner peace,—proclaim the vaunted word :
Women of France have brought the harvest in.

XVIII. THE GREAT MYSTERY

‘Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.’

JOSEPH ADDISON

243. *The Soliloquy of Cato*

ETERNITY!—thou pleasing-dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it. . . .

What means this heaviness, that hangs upon me?
This lethargy, that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once, I'll favour her!
That my awakened Soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for Heaven! Let guilt, or fear,
Disturb Man's rest: Cato knows neither of them!
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep, or die. . . .

THE GREAT MYSTERY

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

244. *The Thought of Death*

A PALINODE

NAY, Death, thou art a shadow ! Even as light
Is but the shadow of invisible God,
And of that shade the shadow is thin Night,
Veiling the earth whereon our feet have trod ;
So art Thou but the shadow of this life,
Itself the pale and unsubstantial shade
Of living God, fulfilled by love and strife
Throughout the universe Himself hath made :
And as frail Night, following the flight of earth,
Obscures the world we breathe in, for a while,
So Thou, the reflex of our mortal birth,
Veilest the life wherein we weep and smile :
But when both earth and life are whirl'd away,
What shade can shroud us from God's deathless day ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

245. *Lucy*

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

JOHN MOULTRIE

246.

Sonnet

THE hand of Death lay heavy on her eyes,—
For weeks and weeks her vision had not borne
To meet the tenderest light of eve or morn,
To see the crescent moonbeam set or rise,
Or palest twilight creep across the skies :
She lay in darkness, seemingly forlorn,
With sharp and ceaseless anguish rack'd and torn,
Yet calm with that one peace which never dies.
Closed was, for her, the gate of visual sense,
This world and all its beauty lost in night ;
But the pure soul was all ablaze with light,
And through that gloom she saw, with gaze intense,
Celestial glories, hid from fleshly sight,
And heard angelic voices call her hence.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

247.

He and I

WHENCE came his feet into my field, and why ?
How is it that he sees it all so drear ?
How do I see his seeing, and how hear
The name his bitter silence knows it by ?
This was the little fold of separate sky
Whose pasturing clouds in the soul's atmosphere
Drew living light from one continual year :
How should he find it lifeless ? He, or I ?
Lo ! this new Self now wanders round my field,
With plaints for every flower, and for each tree
A moan, the sighing wind's auxiliary :
And o'er sweet waters of my life, that yield
Unto his lips no draught but tears unseal'd,
Even in my place he weeps. Even I, not he.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

248. *The Future Life*

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given ?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll ;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE

249. *To a Friend*

SAD soul, whom God, resuming what He gave,
Medicines with bitter anguish of the tomb,
Cease to oppress the portals of the grave,
And strain thy aching sight across the gloom.
The surged Atlantic's winter-beaten wave
Shall sooner pierce the purpose of the wind
Than thy storm-tossed and heavy-swelling mind
Grasp the full import of His means to save.
Through the dark night lie still ; God's faithful grace
Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea.
Let thy slow hours roll, like these weary stars,
Down to the level ocean patiently ;
Till His loved hand shall touch the Eastern bars,
And His full glory shine upon thy face.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

250. *From 'The White Moth'*

IF a leaf rustled, she would start :
And yet she died a year ago.
How had so frail a thing the heart
To journey when she trembled so ?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet, in so much night ?

LLOYD MIFFLIN

251. *The Black Portals*

SPIRIT of mine that soon must venturous spread
Through voids unknown thy feeble, fluttering
plumes,
Hast thou no fear to wing those endless glooms ?
No apprehension nor misgivings dread ?
Those realms unfathomed of the speechless dead,
Which never gleam of eldest star illumines—
Lethean canyons that the Soul entombs—
Art thou not awed such sombre vasts to tread ?
My Soul replied : ' Wisdom hath made all things—
Life and the end of life, He gives to thee.
Down Death's worn path the mightiest still have trod.
Where laurelled poets and anointed Kings
Have gone for ages, it is good to be—
Rest thou contented with the will of God.'

THE GREAT MYSTERY

HALL CAINE

252. *'Where Lies the Land'*

WHERE lies the land to which thy soul would go ?—
Beyond the wearied wold, the songless dell,
The purple grape and golden asphodel,
Beyond the zone where streams baptismal flow.
Where lies the land of which thy soul would know ?—
There where the unvexed senses darkling dwell,
Where never haunting, hurrying footfall fell,
Where toil is not, nor builded hope laid low.

Rest ! Rest ! to thy hushed realm how one by one
Old Earth's tired ages steal away and weep
Forgotten or unknown, long duty done !
Ah God, when death in seeming peace shall steep
Life's loud turmoil and Time his race hath run
Shall heart of man at length find rest and sleep ?

THE GREAT MYSTERY

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

253.

Plaint

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no one knows ?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes ;
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those ?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, His shadow—doom'd, he goes :
That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows !
And thou, O Land which no one knows !
That God is All, His shadow shows.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

254.

The Choice

WATCH thou and fear ; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for death ?
Is not the day which God's word promiseth
To come man knows not when ? In yonder sky,
Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth ; can I
Or thou assure him of his goal ? God's breath
Even at the moment haply quickeneth
The air to a flame ; till spirits, always nigh
Though screened and hid, shall walk the daylight here.
And dost thou prate of all that man shall do ?
Canst thou, who hast but plagues, presume to be
Glad in his gladness that comes after thee ?
Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell ? Go to :
Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

ii

Think thou and act ; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Outstretch'd in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
'Thou say'st : ' Man's measured path is all gone o'er :
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth ; and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for.'
How should this be ? Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby ?
Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me ;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.
Miles and miles distant though the grey line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

255. *To a Mistress Dying*

Lover. YOUR beauty, ripe and calm and fresh
As eastern summers are,
Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
Add light to some small star.

Philosopher. Whilst she yet lives, were stars decay'd,
Their light by hers relief might find ;
But Death will lead her to a shade
Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

Lover. Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
Think every mistress, when she dies,
Is changed at least into a star :
And who dares doubt the poets wise ?

Philosopher. But ask not bodies doom'd to die
To what abode they go ;
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

XIX. THE SHROUDING

‘Thou wilt be soft for me, my gentle shroud,
Say, wilt thou not ? nor chafe my limbs ?’

ALMA STRETTELL ¹

FROM THE FRENCH OF HÉLÈNE VACARESCO

A Roumanian Folk-Song

256. *Song of the Shroud*

(while spinning it)

THOU snow-white apple-blossom,
Unto the ground art fallen,
Down to the earth art fallen,
Thou snow-white apple-blossom.

Snow-white as thou art, so shall be my shroud ;
Yea, white as apple-blossoms,
White as a bridal wreath.

Thou wilt be soft for me, my gentle shroud,
Say, wilt thou not ? nor chafe my limbs, when I
Have fallen asleep, and know of nothing more ;
Whilst in the village houses, round about,
They light the fire without me, and draw near
To tell their tales and spin ?
But whilst I sit and spin thee, winding-sheet,
Shall I not tell thee, too, some fairy-tale ?

¹ From ‘*The Bard of the Dimbovitza*’, by permission. Copyright,
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THE SHROUDING

Thou snow-white apple-blossom,
Down to the earth art fallen,
Unto the ground art fallen,
Thou snow-white apple-blossom.

Dear winding-sheet of mine,
Well shalt thou cover me
 When cold my heart shall be !
But now upon my heart, while yet 'tis warm,
 I clasp thee tenderly ;
And since thou art to sleep
There in my grave with me,
Then look thy fill once more at this fair earth
That in the grave thou mayst remember her,
And down in that deep grave mayst gladden me
 With telling of the earth.
But when thou speakest to me in my grave,
 O shroud, O little shroud,
'Tell me not of my home,
Nor of my casement, swinging in the wind,
Nor of the moon, that loves
 To steal in through that casement ;
Nor of the brook, where silver moonbeams bathe,
And where I used to drink.
'Tell me not of my mother—tell me not
Of him, the bridegroom chosen out for me.
For then I should be sorry that I slept
Low in the grave with thee, my winding-sheet.
Yet speak to me
As though thou knewest naught of all these things—
Somewhat on this wise :
How that the world is not worth longing for,
For it is always winter there ;
How that the moon for sweetheart hath the cloud,

THE SHROUDING

And that my mother mourned me scarce an hour,
And that my bridegroom came not
To lay his fur-cap down upon my grave
That so the soul might think it was her nest.

Speak thus, my shroud,
And soundly will I sleep and heavily
Deep in my grave with thee,
And love thee as the wand'rer loves the well.
Wouldst have me love thee so, speak thus to me.

Thou snow-white apple-blossom,
Unto the ground art fallen,
Down to the earth art fallen,
Thou snow-white apple-blossom.

ANONYMOUS

257. *A Lyke-wake Dirge*

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Sit thee down and put them on ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

THE SHROUDING

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
The fire sall never make thee shrink ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

THE SHROUDING

JOHN WEBSTER

258. *From 'The Duchess of Malfi'*

HARK ! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud !

Much you had of land and rent ;
Your length in clay 's now competent :
A long war disturb'd your mind ;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.

Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping ?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And—the foul fiend more to check—
A crucifix let bless your neck :
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;
End your groan, and come away.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

259. *The Farewell to the Dead*

COME near !—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow
Look on your brother ; and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust !
Come near !—once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek ; then bear him to his rest ! . . .

THE SHROUDING

Ye weep, and it is well !
For tears befit earth's partings !—Yesterday,
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd !—
Now gaze ! and bear the silent unto rest ! . . .

Look on him ! Is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase ?—
Too still and sad the smile upon his face ;
Yet that, even that must fade :
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest.
Come near ! and bear the mortal to his rest !

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards ! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal-feast !
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast.
Come near ! weep o'er him ! bear him to his rest.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

260.

To Bearers

MAIDS, carry her forth—your dead,
Your pale young queen ;
Two at her feet, two at her head,
And four between.—
Not as we wanted it,
But as God granted it.
Not now to the swinging chime,
To the organ swell,
Keep we the rank, treading in time—
But one dull bell.
Open the gates for her !
The Bridegroom waits for her.

THE SHROUDING

We never had dreamed it so :
But she—she knew ;
Walking aloof, placid of brow
Her short life through
Scornful, in surety
Guarding her purity.
Buds born for the bridal path
Cover her breast :
Babes of the dream now that she hath
Sleep in her rest.
Our peace above her let
Fall for her coverlet.

JOHN DONNE

261.

The Funeral

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm ;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that which, then to heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.
For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all ;
Those hairs, which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't : except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd
to die.

THE SHROUDING

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into other's hands these reliques came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of
you.

ROBERT HERRICK

262.

To Perilla

AH, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come
And haste away to mine eternal home ;
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss ;
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore
The gods' protection but the night before.
Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear :
Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me ;
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool, and silent shades of sleep.

XX. THE BURIAL

‘Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.’

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

263. *Ye have forgotten the Exhortation*

BURY thy dead, dear friend,
Between the night and day :
Where depths of summer shade are cool,
And murmurs of a summer pool
And windy murmurs stray. . . .

Bury thy dead, dear love,
And make his bed most fair above :
The latest buds shall still
Blow there, and the first violets too,
And there a turtle-dove
Shall brood and coo. . . .

Bury thy dead heart-deep :
Take patience till the sun be set :
There are no tears for him to weep,
No doubts to haunt him yet :
Take comfort, he will not forget.

THE BURIAL

SYDNEY DOBELI.

264.

Laus Deo

IN the hall the coffin waits, and the idle armourer stands.
At his belt the coffin nails, and the hammer in his hands.

The bed of state is hung with crape—the grand old bed
where she was wed—

And like an upright corpse she sitteth gazing dumbly at
the bed.

Hour by hour her serving-men enter by the curtain'd
door,

And with steps of muffled woe pass breathless o'er the
silent floor,

And marshal mutely round, and look from each to each
with eyelids red ;

‘ Touch him not,’ she shriek’d and cried, ‘ he is but newly
dead ! ’

‘ O my own dear mistress,’ the ancient Nurse did say,

‘ Seven long days and seven long nights you have watch’d
him where he lay.’

‘ Seven long days and seven long nights’, the hoary Steward
said ;

‘ Seven long days and seven long nights’, groan’d the
Warrener grey ;

‘ Seven’, said the old Henchman, and bow’d his aged head ;

‘ On your lives ! ’ she shriek’d and cried, ‘ he is but newly
dead ! ’

Then a father Priest they sought,

The Priest that taught her all she knew,

And they told him of her loss.

‘ For she is mild and sweet of will,

THE BURIAL

She loved him, and his words are peace,
And he shall heal her ill.'

But her watch she did not cease.

He bless'd her where she sat distraught,
And show'd her holy cross,—

'The cross she kiss'd from year to year—

But she neither saw nor heard ;

And said he in her deaf ear

All he had been wont to teach,

All she had been fond to hear,

Missall'd prayer, and solemn speech,

But she answer'd not a word.

Only when he turn'd to speak with those who wept about
the bed,

' On your lives ! ' she shriek'd and cried, ' he is but newly
dead ! '

Then how sadly he turn'd from her, it were wonderful
to tell,

And he stood beside the death-bed as by one who slumbers
well,

And he lean'd o'er him who lay there, and in cautious
whisper low,

' He is not dead, but sleepeth ', said the Priest, and
smooth'd his brow.

' Sleepeth ? ' said she, looking up, and the sun rose in her
face !

' He must be better than I thought, for the sleep is very
sound.'

' He is better ', said the Priest, and call'd her maidens
round.

With them came that ancient dame who nursed her when
a child ;

' O Nurse ! ' she sigh'd, ' O Nurse ! ' she cried, ' O
Nurse ! ' and then she smiled,

THE BURIAL

And then she wept ; with that they drew
About her, as of old ;
Her dying eyes were sweet and blue,
Her trembling touch was cold ;
But she said, ' My maidens true,
No more weeping and well-away ;
Let them kill the feast.
I would be happy in my soul.
" He is better ", saith the Priest ;
He did but sleep the weary day,
And will waken whole.
Carry me to his dear side,
And let the halls be trim ;
Whistly, whistly,' said she,
' I am wan with watching and wail,
He must not wake to see me pale,
Let me sleep with him.
See you keep the tryst for me,
I would rest till he awake
And rise up like a bride.
But whistly, whistly ! ' said she.
' Yet rejoice your Lord doth live ;
And for His dear sake
Say *Laus, Domine.*'
Silent they cast down their eyes,
And every breast a sob did rive,
She lifted her in wild surprise
And they dared not disobey.
' *Laus Deo* ', said the Steward, hoary when her days
were new ;
' *Laus Deo* ', said the Warrener, whiter than the
warren snows ;
' *Laus Deo* ', the bald Henchman, who had nursed
her on his knee.

THE BURIAL

The old Nurse moved her lips in vain,
And she stood among the train
Like a dead tree shaking dew.
Then the Priest he softly stept
Midway in the little band,
And he took the Lady's hand.
' *Laus Deo* ', he said aloud,
' *Laus Deo* ', they said again,
Yet again, and yet again,
Humbly cross'd and lowly bow'd,
Till in wont and fear it rose
To the Sabbath strain.
But she neither turn'd her head
Nor ' Whistly, whistly, ' said she.
Her hands were folded as in grace,
We laid her with her ancient race
And all the village wept.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

265. *Under the Violets*

HER hands are cold ; her face is white ;
No more her pulses come and go ;
Her eyes are shut to life and light ;—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes ;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

THE BURIAL

And grey old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round .
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop the dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry. . . .

HENRY NEWBOLT

266.

Messmates

HE gave us all a good-bye cheerily
At the first dawn of day ;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It 's a dead, dark watch that he 's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him
And the great ships go by.

THE BURIAL

He 's there alone with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles round ;
He 's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It 's a long, lone watch that he 's a-keeping there,
And a dead, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battle-ships' bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below ;
If through all the lone watch that he 's a-keeping there,
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by.

ALMA STRETTTELL

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE

267.

An Old Song

DEAD thou art, and know'st not thou art dead,
Pale thy little mouth, once rosy red ;
From thine eyes the light of life is gone,
Dead thou art, my own dead little one.

One weird summer night, when none might see,
To thy grave myself I carried thee ;
Nightingales made plaint, and stars withal
Followed sadly in thy funeral.

THE BURIAL

Through the wood we passed, and 'mid the trees
Rang the echo of our litanies ;
Lofty pines, in sable veils arrayed,
Muttered hoarsely, praying for the dead.

By the lake, where weeping willows grow,
Little elves were dancing to and fro ;
But they stopped their sport as we passed by,
Gazing on us with a pitying eye.

When we reached thy grave, from out the sky
Came the moon, and made thine elegy ;
Sobs and wailing echoed through the dell,
And afar there tolled a muffled bell.

WALT WHITMAN

268. *From 'Drum Taps'*

VIGIL strange I kept on the field one night :
When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at my
side that day,
One look I but gave, which your dear eyes return'd, with
a look I shall never forget ;
One touch of your hand to mine, O boy, reach'd up as
you lay on the ground. . . .
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around me
the battle-field spreading ;
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet, there in the fragrant
silent night ;

THE BURIAL

But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh—Long,
long I gazed ;
Then on the earth partially reclining, sat by your side,
leaning my chin in my hands ;
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with you,
dearest comrade—Not a tear, not a word ;
Vigil of silence, love and death—vigil for you, my son and
my soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones upward
stole ;
Vigil final for you, brave boy (I could not save you, swift
was your death,
I faithfully loved you and cared for you living—I think
we shall surely meet again),
Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the
dawn appear'd,
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his
form,
Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head,
and carefully under feet ;
And there and then, and bathed by the rising sun, my son
in his grave, in his rude-dug grave I deposited ;
Ending my vigil strange with that—vigil of night and
battle-field dim ;
Vigil for boy of responding kisses (never again on earth
responding) ;
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain—vigil I never forget, how
as day brighten'd,
I rose from the chill ground, and folded my soldier well
in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell.

THE BURIAL

CHARLES WOLFE

269. *The Burial of Sir John Moore*

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

THE BURIAL

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

270. *Dinge for a Soldier*

CLOSE his eyes ; his work is done.
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman ?

*Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? He cannot know :
Lay him low !*

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavour :
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep for ever and for ever.

THE BURIAL

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley !
What to him are all our wars ?
What but death bemocking folly ?

Leave him to God's watching eye :
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by :
God alone has power to aid him.

*Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? He cannot know :
Lay him low !*

JOHN McCRAE

271. *Isandhlwana*

SCARLET coats, and crash o' the band,
The grey of a pauper's gown,
A soldier's grave in Zululand,
And a woman in Brecon Town.

My little lad for a soldier boy,
(Mothers o' Brecon Town !)
My eyes for tears and his for joy
When he went from Brecon Town,
His for the flags and the gallant sights,
His for the medals and his for the fights,
And mine for the dreary, rainy nights
At home in Brecon Town.

THE BURIAL

They say he 's laid beneath a tree,
(Come back to Brecon Town !)
Shouldn't I know ?—I was there to see :
(It 's far to Brecon Town !)
It 's me that keeps it trim and drest
With a briar there and a rose by his breast—
The English flowers he likes the best
That I bring from Brecon Town.

And I sit beside him—him and me
(We're back to Brecon Town),
To talk of the things that used to be
(Grey ghosts of Brecon Town) ;
I know the look o' the land and sky,
And the bird that builds in the tree near by,
And times I hear the jackal cry,
And me in Brecon Town.

Golden grey on miles of sand
The dawn comes creeping down ;
It 's day in far off Zululand
And night in Brecon Town.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

272.

Death Song

THERE lies a cold corpse upon the sands
Down by the rolling sea ;
Close up the eyes and straighten the hands
As a Christian man's should be.

THE BURIAL

Bury it deep, for the good of my soul,
Six feet below the ground ;
Let the sexton come and the death-bell toll
And good men stand around.

Lay it among the churchyard stones,
Where the priest hath bless'd the clay :
I cannot leave the unburied bones,
And I fain would go my way.

XXI. INTERLUDE

‘ She will be satisfied ’

EMMA LAZARUS

Epochs

273.

i. Surprise

WHEN the stunned soul can first lift tired eyes
On her changed world of ruin, waste, and wrack,
Ah, what a pang of aching sharp surprise
Brings all sweet memories of the lost past back,
With wild self-pitying grief of one betrayed,
Duped in a land of dreams where Truth is dead !

Are these the heavens that she deemed were kind ?

Is this the world that yesterday was fair ?

What painted images of folk half-blind

Be these who pass her by, as vague as air ?

What go they seeking ? there is naught to find.

Let them come nigh and hearken her despair. . . .

INTERLUDE

274.

ii. Grief

THERE is a hungry longing in the soul,
A craving sense of emptiness and pain,
She may not satisfy nor yet control,
For all the teeming world looks void and vain.
No compensation in eternal spheres,
She knows the loneliness of all her years.

There is no comfort looking forth nor back,
The present gives the lie to all her past.
Will cruel time restore what she doth lack ?
Why was no shadow of this doom forecast ?
Ah ! she hath played with many a keen-edged thing ;
Naught is too small and soft to turn and sting. . . ,

275.

iii. Loneliness

ALL stupor of surprise hath passed away ;
She sees, with clearer vision than before,
A world far off of light and laughter gay,
Herself alone and lonely evermore.
Folk come and go, and reach her in no wise,
Mere flitting phantoms to her heavy eyes.

All outward things, that once seemed part of her,
Fall from her, like the leaves in autumn shed.
She feels as one embalmed in spice and myrrh,
With the heart eaten out, a long time dead ;
Unchanged without, the features and the form ;
Within, devoured by the thin red worm.

INTERLUDE

By her own prowess she must stand or fall,
This grief is to be conquered day by day.
Who could befriend her ? who could make this small,
Or her strength great ? she meets it as she may.
A weary struggle and a constant pain,
She dreams not they may ever cease nor wane.

276. *iv. Sympathy*

IT comes not in such wise as she had deemed,
Else might she still have clung to her despair.
More tender, grateful than she could have dreamed,
Fond hands passed pitying over brows and hair,
And gentle words borne softly through the air,
Calming her weary sense and wildered mind,
By welcome, dear communion with her kind. . . .

One who through conquered trouble had grown wise,
To read the grief unspoken, unexpressed,
The misery of the blank and heavy eyes,—
Or through youth's infinite compassion guessed
The heavy burden,—such a one brought rest,
And bade her lay aside her doubts and fears,
While the hard pain dissolved in blessed tears.

INTERLUDE

277.

v. Patience

THE passion of despair is quelled at last ;
The cruel sense of undeservèd wrong,
The wild self-pity, these are also past ;
She knows not what may come, but she is strong ;
She feels she hath not aught to lose nor gain,
Her patience is the essence of all pain. . . .

There is a deeper pathos in the mild
And settled sorrow of the quiet eyes,
Than in the tumults of the anguish wild,
That made her curse all things beneath the skies ;
No question, no reproaches, no complaint,
Hers is the holy calm of some meek saint.

278.

vi. Hope

HER languid pulses thrill with sudden hope,
That will not be forgot nor cast aside,
And life in statelier vistas seems to ope,
Illimitably lofty, long, and wide.
What doth she know ? She is subdued and mild,
Quiet and docile ' as a weanèd child '.

INTERLUDE

279.

vii. Compensation

'TIS not alone that black and yawning void
That makes her heart ache with this hungry pain,
But the glad sense of life hath been destroyed,
The lost delight may never come again.
Yet myriad serious blessings with grave grace
Arise on every side to fill their place. . . .

The nameless charm about all things hath died,
Subtle as aureole round a shadow's head,
Cast on the dewy grass at morning-tide ;
Yet though the glory and the joy be fled,
'Tis much her own endurance to have weighed,
And wrestled with God's angels, unafraid.

280.

viii. Faith

SHE feels outwearied, as though o'er her head
SA storm of mighty billows broke and passed.
Whose hand upheld her ? Who her footsteps led
To this green haven of sweet rest at last ?
What strength was hers, unreckoned and unknown ?
What love sustained when she was most alone ? . . .

Though by no reason she be justified,
Yet strangely brave in Evil's very face,
She deems this want must needs be satisfied,
Though here all slips from out her weak embrace.
And in blind ecstasy of perfect faith,
With her own dream her prayer she answereth.

INTERLUDE

281.

ix. Work

YET life is not a vision nor a prayer,
But stubborn work ; she may not shun her task.
After the first compassion, none will spare
Her portion and her work achieved, to ask.
She pleads for respite,—she will come ere long
When, resting by the roadside, she is strong.

282.

x. Victory

HOW strange, in some brief interval of rest,
Backward to look on her far-stretching past.
To see how much is conquered and repressed,
How much is gained in victory at last !
The shadow is not lifted,—but her faith,
Strong from life's miracles, now turns toward death. . . .

Nor will Death prove an all-unwelcome guest ;
The struggle has been toilsome to this end,
Sleep will be sweet, and after labour rest,
And all will be atoned with him to friend.
Much must be reconciled, much justified,
And yet she feels she will be satisfied.

XXII. IRREVOCABLE

‘ Let us go hence, my songs ; she will not hear.’

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

283. *A Leave-taking*

LET us go hence, my songs ; she will not hear.
Let us go hence together without fear ;
Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear.
She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part ; she will not know.
Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
Full of blown sand and foam ; what help is here ?
There is no help, for all these things are so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear.
And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
She would not know.

Let us go home and hence ; she will not weep.
We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,
Saying ‘ If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap.’

IRREVOCABLE

All is reap'd now ; no grass is left to mow ;
And we that sow'd, though all we fell on sleep,
She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest ; she will not love.
She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.
Come hence, let be, lie still ; it is enough.
Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep ;
And though she saw all heaven in flower above,
She would not love.

Let us give up, go down ; she will not care.
Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
And the sea moving saw before it move
One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair ;
Though all those waves went over us, and drove
Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,
She would not care.

Let us go hence, go hence ; she will not see.
Sing all once more together ; surely she,
She too, remembering days and words that were,
Will turn a little toward us, sighing ; but we,
We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been
there.
Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,
She would not see.

IRREVOCABLE

BLISS CARMAN

284.

The Unreturning

THE old eternal spring once more
Comes back the sad eternal way,
With tender rosy light before
The going-out of day.

The great white moon across my door
A shadow in the twilight stirs ;
But now for ever comes no more
That wondrous look of Hers.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

285.

' Break, break, break '

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

IRREVOCABLE

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

286. *A Lament*

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more—Oh, never more !
Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight ;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

287. *From ' Epipsychidion '*

SHE, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,
Passed, like a God throned on a wingèd planet ;
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it ;
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade ;
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,
I would have followed, though the grave between
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen :

IRREVOCABLE

When a voice said :—‘ O thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest.’
Then I—‘ Where ? ’—the world’s echo answered
‘ where ? ’

And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither ’twas fled, this soul out of my soul ;
And murmured names and spells which have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ;
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate
The night which closed on her. . .

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

288.

Song

—THAT zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
It was for her : that wrapt in gowns of green
Meads were so early seen,
That in the saddest months oft sung the merles,
It was for her ; for her trees dropp’d forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy those our shades and calm resorts,
It was for her ; and she is gone, O woe !
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done ;
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun. . . .
Blush no more, rose, nor, lily, pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain.

IRREVOCABLE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

289.

Tbrenody

THE South-wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire ;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore ;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return. . . .

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
O, whither tend thy feet ?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know ;
How have I forfeited the right ?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight ? . . .

From the window I look out
To mark thy beautiful parade,
Stately marching in cap and coat
To some tune by fairies played ;—
A music heard by thee alone
To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas ! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood ;
The kennel by the corded wood ;
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall ;

IRREVOCABLE

The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles built or planned ;
His daily haunts I well discern,—
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn,—
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged ;
The wintry garden lies unchanged ;
The brook into the stream runs on ;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

290. *From 'Thyrsis'*

SO, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze :
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I ! . . .

He hearkens not ! light comer, he is flown !
What matters it ? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,

IRREVOCABLE

And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see !
See him come back, and cut a smother reed ;
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee. . . .

Yes, thou art gone ! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade ;
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with
grey ;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again. . . .

XXIII. GRIEF

‘Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.’

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

291. *From ‘In Memoriam’*

FORGIVE my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.

I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

PETER HAUSTED

292. *Song*

HAVE pity, Griefe : I can not pay
The tribute which I owe thee, teares ;
Alas those Fountaines are growne dry,
And 'tis in vain to hope supply
For others' eyes ; for each man beares
Enough about him of his owne
To spend his stock of teares upon :

GRIEF

Wooe then the heavens, gentle Love,
To melt a Cloud for my relieve,
Or wooe the Deepe or wooe the Grave,
Wooe what thou wilt so I may have
Wherewith to pay my debt, for Griefe
Has vow'd, unlesse I quickly pay,
To take both life and love away.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

293.

Grief

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless ;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death :—
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it : the marble eyelids are not wet ;
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

GRIEF

THE HONOURABLE MRS. O. N. KNOX

294. *'I have no wealth of grief'*

I HAVE no wealth of grief ; no sobs, no tears,
Not any sighs, no words, no overflow
Nor storms of passion, no reliefs ; yet oh !
I have a leaden grief, and with it fears
Lest they who think there's nought where nought appears
May say I never loved him. Ah not so !
Love for him fills my heart ; if grief is slow
In utterance, remember that for years
Love was a habit and the grief is new,
So new a thing it has no language yet.
Tears crowd my heart : with eyes that are not wet
I watch the rain-drops, silent, large, and few,
Blotting a stone ; then, comforted, I take
Those drops to be my tears, shed for his sake.

GRIEF

ARLO BATES

295. *From 'Sonnets in Shadow'*

EVER for consolation grief is told
How worse might be, and woe be heaped on woe,—
As if the present pain were softened so,
Made less by fancied evils manifold.

Would the impoverished diver be consoled,
When from his hand the pearl, like melting snow,
Slips to plunge darkling in the tide below,
That the void shell has not escaped his hold ?

When love has from our longing arms been torn,
What boots it if the empty world we grasp ?
To those who this supreme bereavement mourn

It little matters what woe follows fast !
The worst that fate can do already borne,
The very meaning of such dread is past.

GRIEF

DANTE ALIGHIERI—DANTE GABRIEL
ROSSETTI

296. *From 'La Vita Nuova'*

WEEP, Lovers, sith Love's very self doth weep,
And sith the cause for weeping is so great ;

When now so many dames, of such estate
In worth, show with their eyes a grief so deep.
For Death the churl has laid his leaden sleep

Upon a damsel who was fair of late,
Defacing all our earth should celebrate,—
Yea all save virtue, which the soul doth keep.
Now hearken how much Love did honour her.

I myself saw him in his proper form
Bending above the motionless sweet dead,
And often gazing into Heaven ; for there
The soul now sits which when her life was warm
Dwelt with the joyful beauty that is fled.

GRIEF

HENRY CONSTABLE

297. *To Sir Philip Sidney's soul*

GIVE pardon, blessed soul ! to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song,
Which now with joyful notes thou singst among
The angels, quiristers of the heavenly skies.
Give pardon eke, sweet soul ! to my slow cries,
That since I saw thee it is now so long ;
And yet the tears that unto thee belong,
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice ;
I did not know that thou wert dead before ;
I did not feel the grief I did sustain ;
The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain :
I stood amazed when others' tears begun,
And now begin to weep when they have done.

XXIV. BITTER SORROW

‘Tears ! tears ! tears !
In the night, in solitude, tears.’

WALT WHITMAN

298.

Tears

TEARS ! tears ! tears !
In the night, in solitude, tears ;
On the white shore dripping, dripping, suck'd in by the
sand ;
Tears—not a star shining—all dark and desolate ;
Moist tears from the eyes of a muffled head :
—O who is that ghost ?—that form in the dark, with
tears ?
What shapeless lump is that, bent, crouch'd there on the
sand
Streaming tears—sobbing tears—throes, choked with
wild cries ;
O storm, embodied, rising, careering, with swift steps
along the beach ;
O wild and dismal night storm, with wind ! O belching
and desperate !
O shade, so sedate and decorous by day, with calm
countenance and regulated pace ;
But away, at night as you fly, none looking—O then the
unloosen'd ocean,
Of tears ! tears ! tears !

BITTER SORROW

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

299.

Adonais

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !
O, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say : ‘ With me
Died Adonais ; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity ! ’ . . .

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !
Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend ; oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air ;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair. . . .

He will awake no more, oh, never more !—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change, shall o’er his sleep the mortal curtain draw. . . .

BITTER SORROW

Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year ;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear ;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier ;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake. . . .

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again ;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. . . .

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above. . . .

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
A light is passed from the revolving year,

BITTER SORROW

And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :
'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LUCY LARCOM

300.

' They Said '

THEY said of her, ' She never can have felt
The sorrows that our deeper natures feel ' :
They said, ' Her placid lips have never spelt
Hard lessons taught by Pain ; her eyes reveal
No passionate yearning, no perplexed appeal
To other eyes. Life and her heart have dealt
With her but lightly.'—When the Pilgrims dwelt
First on these shores, lest savage hands should steal
To precious graves with desecrating tread,
The burial-field was with the ploughshare crossed
And there the maize her silken tresses tossed.
With thanks those Pilgrims ate their bitter bread,
While peaceful harvests hid what they had lost.
—What if her smiles concealed from you her dead ?

BITTER SORROW

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

301.

The Mask

I HAVE a smiling face, she said,
I have a jest for all I meet,
I have a garland for my head
And all its flowers are sweet,—
And so you call me gay, she said.

Grief taught to me this smile, she said,
And Wrong did teach this jesting bold ;
These flowers were plucked from garden-bed
While a death-chime was tolled.
And what now will you say ?—she said.

Behind no prison-grate, she said,
Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Live captives so uncomforted
As souls behind a smile.
God's pity let us pray, she said.

I know my face is bright, she said,—
Such brightness, dying suns diffuse ;
I bear upon my forehead shed
The sign of what I lose,—
The ending of my day, she said.

If I dared leave this smile, she said,
And take a moan upon my mouth,
And tie a cypress round my head,
And let my tears run smooth,—
It were the happier way, she said.

BITTER SORROW

And since that must not be, she said,
I fain your bitter world would leave.
How calmly, calmly, smile the Dead,
Who do not, therefore, grieve !
The yea of Heaven is yea, she said.
But in your bitter world, she said,
Face-joy's a costly mask to wear,
'Tis bought with pangs long nourished
And rounded to despair.
Grief's earnest makes life's play, she said.
Ye weep for those who weep ? she said—
Ah fools ! I bid you pass them by.
Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry.
Whom sadder can I say ? she said.

CINO DA PISTOIA—WARBURTON PIKE

302. *'Why sighest thou ?'*

WHY sighest thou ?' Ah ! ask not why ;
But late the tidings I have known,
And all my wishes shattered lie :
She whom I love, from earth has flown,
And I am left behind, to sigh,
To see her ne'er, to live alone :
My sad life ending, death draws nigh ;
That, now to me, my heart has shown.
My eyes have lost their only light ;
On ladies they henceforth no more
Can gaze, their one poor joy the sight
Of that dear house, that well-known door,
Where they went oft, ere came the night
To her, for whom my tears now pour.

BITTER SORROW

CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE—CHARLES
T. BROOKS

303. *In Memoriam (Theodor Körner)*

YE who so keenly mourn the loved one's death,
Go with me to the mound that marks his grave,
And breathe awhile the consecrated breath
Of the old oak whose boughs high o'er him wave.
Sad Friendship there hath laid the young and brave ;
Her hand shall guide us thither. Hark ! she saith,
' Beneath the hallowed oak's cool, peaceful breath
These hands had dug the hero's silent grave :
Yet were the dear remains forbid to rest
Where lip to lip in bloody strife was pressed,
And ghastly death stares from the mouldering heap ;
A statelier tomb that sacred dust must keep ;
A German prince hath spoken : This new guest,
And noblest, in a princely hall shall sleep.'

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

304. *On One who died discovering her
kindness*

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain :
Love's various slaves we daily see—
Yet happy all, compared with me !
Of all mankind I loved the best
A nymph so far above the rest
That we outshined the Blest above ;
In beauty she, as I in love.

BITTER SORROW

And therefore They, who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themselves have placed her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endured her very scorn ;
But oh ! thus all at once to find
'That dread account—both dead and kind !
What heart can hold ? If yet I live,
'Tis but to show how much I grieve.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

305.

Rose Aylmer

AH, what avails the sceptred race !
Ah, what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

JOHN FORD

306.

Dinge

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.

BITTER SORROW

Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.

Youth may revel, but it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.

Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for Care ;
Love only reigns in death ; though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS

307. *On the Picture of a Lady*

SORROW hath made thine eyes more dark and keen,
And set a whiter hue upon thy cheeks,
And round thy pressèd lips drawn anguish-streaks,
And made thy forehead fearfully serene.
Even in thy steady hair her work is seen ;
For its still parted darkness—till it breaks
In heavy curls upon thy shoulders—speaks,
Like the stern wave, how hard the storm hath been.
So looked that hapless Lady of the south,
Sweet Isabella, at the dreary part
Of all the passioned hours of her youth
When her green basil pot by brothers' art
Was stolen away : so looked her painèd mouth
In the mute patience of a breaking heart.

· BITTER SORROW

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

308. *From 'In Memoriam'*

ONE writes, that 'Other friends remain',
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
'Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break. . . .

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

309. *The Widow on Windermere side*

THE Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo !
His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching ; yea far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
Whate'er befell she could not grieve or pine ;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material forms that mastered reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine !

BITTER SORROW

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL

310.

Lament

I AM lying in the tomb, love,
Lying in the tomb,
Tho' I move within the gloom, love,
Breathe within the gloom !
Men deem life not fled, dear,
Deem my life not fled,
Tho' I with thee am dead, dear,
I with thee am dead,
O my little child !

What is the grey world, darling,
What is the grey world,
Where the worm is curled, darling,
The deathworm is curled ?
They tell me of the spring, dear !
Do I want the spring ?
Will she waft upon her wing, dear,
The joy-pulse of her wing,
Thy songs, thy blossoming,
O my little child !

For the hallowing of thy smile, love,
The rainbow of thy smile,
Gleaming for a while, love,
Gleaming to beguile !
Replunged me in the cold, dear,
Leaves me in the cold,
And I feel so very old, dear,
Very, very old !

BITTER SORROW

Would they put me out of pain, dear,
Out of all my pain,
Since I may not live again, dear,
Never live again !

I am lying in the grave, love,
In thy little grave,
Yet I hear the wind rave, love,
And the wild wave !
I would lie asleep, darling,
With thee lie asleep,
Unhearing the world weep, darling,
Little children weep !
O my little child !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

311. *The Affliction of Margaret* —

I LOOK for ghosts ; but none will force
Their way to me : 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass :
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind ;
And all the world appears unkind.

BITTER SORROW

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief :
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end ;
I have no other earthly friend !

THOMAS TICKELL

312. *On the death of Joseph Addison*

CAN I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire :
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid ;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
O gone for ever, take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague ! . . .

BITTER SORROW

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

313.

Death

THEY die—the dead return not—Misery
Sits near an open grave and calls them over,
A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye—
They are the names of kindred, friend, and lover,
Which he so feebly calls—they all are gone—
Fond wretch, all dead ! those vacant names alone,
This most familiar scene, my pain—
These tombs—alone remain.

Misery, my sweetest friend—oh ! weep no more !
Thou wilt not be consoled—I wonder not !
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary ;
This most familiar scene, my pain—
These tombs—alone remain.

SAMUEL ROWLEY

314. *From 'A Noble Soldier', 1634*

O SORROW ! Sorrow ! say, Where dost thou dwell ?
In the lowest room of Hell.

Art thou born of human race ?
No ! no ! I have a fairer face !

Art thou in City, Town, or Court ?
I to every place resort !

BITTER SORROW

O, why into the world is Sorrow sent ?
Men afflicted, best repent !

What dost thou feed on ?
Broken sleep.

What tak'st thou pleasure in ?
To weep.

To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,
To wring my hands, to sit alone.

O when, O when shall Sorrow quiet have ?
Never ! never ! never ! never !
Never till she finds a grave !

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN [MOLIÈRE]
—AUSTIN DOBSON

315. *To Le Vayer, on the Death of his Son*

LET thy tears flow, Le Vayer, let them flow :—
None of scant cause thy sorrowing can accuse,
Since, losing that which thou for aye dost lose,
E'en the most wise might find a ground for woe.

Vainly we strive with precepts to forgo
The drops of pity that are Pity's dues ;
And Nature's self, indignant, doth refuse
To count for fortitude that heartless show.

No grief, alas ! can now bring back again
The son too dear, by Death untimely ta'en ;
Yet, not the less, his loss is hard to bear,

Graced as he was by all the world reveres,
Large heart, keen wit, a lofty soul and rare,—
—Surely these claim immitigable tears !

BITTER SORROW

ANDREW MACPHAIL

316. *The Marriage Feast*

I, FROM whose heart young Love is long time gone
Beyond recall,—and in his secret place
Dull Sorrow soothes with sad, averted face
Her restless sister Pain with visage wan,
Handmaidens of the shadow-footed One
Who comes more slowly than the season's pace
Creeping around the year,—I wish you grace,
As you stand glorious in life's morning sun.

Your blood-red lips are eager at the brim
Of that deep cup, now amply poured for you.
Drink with closed eyes, nor look upon the lees
They only quaff whose joys are memories.
Drink of the bubbles sparkling at the rim,
The dregs are bitter, and your hours are few.

FRANCESCO REDI—EDMUND GOSSE

317. *Grief*

SWEET Ladies, who to Love your hearts incline,
And hand in hand walk down compassion's way,
Pause here an hour and weep with me and say
If ever there was sorrow like to mine !
My Lady had a heart that was the shrine
Of every splendid truth that scorns decay,
And round about her glorious limbs did play
Transcendent bloom, and from her eyes did shine

BITTER SORROW

Such lights as flash about the auriolated head
Of some divine fair angel in God's choir,
And all her soul was like an altar-fire
With faith and love, and round her life was shed
The silent chrism of innocent desire
And godlike grace ! Sweet Ladies, she is dead !

JOHN KEATS

318. *To Chatterton*

O CHATTERTON ! how very sad thy fate !
Dear child of sorrow—son of misery !
How soon the film of death obscur'd that eye,
Whence Genius mildly flash'd, and high debate.
How soon that voice, majestic and elate,
Melted in dying numbers ! Oh ! how nigh
Was night to thy fair morning. Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.
But this is past : thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven : to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest : naught thy hymning mars,
Above the ingrate world and human fears.
On earth the good man base detraction bars
From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

NICHOLAS GRIMALD

319. *A Funeral Song*

YEA, and a good cause, why thus should I plain !
For what is he can quietly sustain
So great a grief, with mouth as still as stone ?
My love ! my life ! of joy my jewel is gone ! . .

BITTER SORROW

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

320.

Mariana

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all :
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange :
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, ' My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! '

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, ' The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! '

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen's low

BITTER SORROW

Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, ' The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! '

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarlèd bark :
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, ' My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! '

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, ' The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! '

BITTER SORROW

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, ' My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! '

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, ' I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said ;
She wept, ' I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead ! '

BITTER SORROW

FRA JACOPONE—ABRAHAM COLES

321.

Stabat Mater

STOOD the afflicted mother weeping,
Near the cross her station keeping,
Whereon hung her Son and Lord ;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing,
Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh ! how mournful and distressèd
Was that favoured and most blessèd
Mother of the only Son !
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illustrious One.

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild ?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her Child ?

For His people's sins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod ;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield His spirit up to God.

BITTER SORROW

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
'That with thee I tears may shower,
 'Tender mother, fount of love !
Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn towards Christ the Lord, that pleasing
 I may be to him above.

Holy Mother, this be granted,
'That the slain One's wounds be planted
 Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of Him wounded, all astounded—
Depths unbounded for me sounded—
 All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union :
With the Crucified, communion
 In His grief and suffering give :
Near the Cross, with tears unfailing,
I would join thee in thy wailing
 Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling !
Be not bitter, me repelling :
 Make thou me a mourner too :
Make me bear about Christ's dying,
Share His passion, shame defying :
 All His wounds in me renew.

Wound for wound be there created :
With the Cross intoxicated
 For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
 In the solemn Judgement Day.

BITTER SORROW

Let me by the Cross be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
Nourished by divine supplies.
When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given
Glories bright of Paradise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

322.

Edward Gray

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met me walking on yonder way,
'And have you lost your heart?' she said;
'And are you married yet, Edward Gray?'

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me :
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
'Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

'Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will :
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

'Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

BITTER SORROW

' Cruel, cruel the words I said !
Cruelly came they back to-day :
" You're too slight and fickle," I said,
" To trouble the heart of Edward Gray,"

' There I put my face in the grass—
Whisper'd, " Listen to my despair :
I repent me of all I did :
Speak a little, Ellen Adair ! "

' Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
" Here lies the body of Ellen Adair ;
And here the heart of Edward Gray ! "

' Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree :
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

' Bitterly wept I over the stone :
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
There lies the body of Ellen Adair !
And there the heart of Edward Gray ! '

XXV. BITTER REMEMBRANCE

‘It is not true that Love will do no wrong.’

COVENTRY PATMORE

323. ‘*If I were dead*’

‘**I**F I were dead, you’d sometimes say, Poor Child !’
The dear lips quiver’d as they spake,
And the tears brake
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
Poor Child, poor Child !
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
Poor Child !
And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
And of those words your full avengers make ?
Poor Child, poor Child !
And now, unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
O God, have Thou *no* mercy upon me !
Poor Child !

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

JOHN MASEFIELD

324.

To his Mother, C. L. M.

IN the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man.
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth.
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave
She cannot see the life she gave.
For all her love, she cannot tell
Whether I use it ill or well,
Nor knock at dusty doors to find
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates could be undone,
She would not know her little son,
I am so grown. If we should meet,
She would pass by me in the street,
Unless my soul's face let her see
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind
My debt to her and womankind ?
What woman's happier life repays
Her for those months of wretched days ?
For all my mouthless body leech'd
Ere Birth's releasing hell was reach'd ?

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

What have I done, or tried, or said
In thanks to that dear woman dead ?
Men triumph over women still,
Men trample women's rights at will,
And man's lust roves the world untamed.

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed !

COVENTRY PATMORE

325.

Departure

I T was not like your great and gracious ways !
Do you, that have naught other to lament,
Never, my Love, repent
Of how, that July afternoon,
You went,
With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
And frighten'd eye,
Upon your journey of so many days,
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye ?
I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon ;
And so we sate, within the low sun's rays,
You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,
Your harrowing praise.
Well, it was well
To hear you such things speak,
And I could tell
What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,
As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.
And it was like your great and gracious ways
To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash
To let the laughter flash,

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

Whilst I drew near,
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
But all at once to leave me at the last,
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,
And frighten'd eye,
And go your journey of all days
With not one kiss, or a good-bye,
And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd :
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

326.

Bride chant

TOO late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late !
You loiter'd on the road too long,
You trifled at the gate :
The enchanted dove upon her branch
Died without a mate ;
The enchanted princess in her tower
Slept, died, behind the grate ;
Her heart was starving all this while
You made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
One year ago,
Even then you had arrived in time,
Though somewhat slow ;
Then you had known her living face
Which now you cannot know :

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

The frozen fountain would have leaped,
The buds gone on to blow,
The warm south wind would have awaked
To melt the snow.

Is she fair now as she lies ?
Once she was fair ;
Meet queen for any kingly king,
With gold-dust on her hair.
Now these are poppies in her locks,
White poppies she must wear ;
Must wear a veil to shroud her face
And the want graven there :
Or is the hunger fed at length,
Cast off the care ?

We never saw her with a smile
Or with a frown ;
Her bed seem'd never soft to her,
Though tossed of down ;
She little heeded what she wore,
Kirtle, or wreath, or gown ;
We think her white brows often ached
Beneath her crown,
Till silvery hairs show'd in her locks
That used to be so brown.

We never heard her speak in haste :
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet :
Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street.

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet ;
There was no bliss drew nigh to her
That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday,
Wasting upon her bed :
But wherefore should you weep to-day
That she is dead ?
Lo, we who love weep not to-day,
But crown her royal head.
Let be these poppies that we strew,
Your roses are too red :
Let be these poppies, not for you
Cut down and spread.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

327. ‘ *I in the greyness rose* ’

I IN the greyness rose ;
I could not sleep for thinking of one dead.
Then to the chest I went,
Where lie the things of my beloved spread.

Quietly these I took ;
A little glove, a sheet of music torn,
Paintings, ill-done perhaps ;
Then lifted up a dress that she had worn.

And now I came to where
Her letters are ; they lie beneath the rest ;
And read them in the haze ;
She spoke of many things, was sore oppress.

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

But these things moved me not ;
Not when she spoke of being parted quite,
Or being misunderstood,
Or growing weary of the world's great fight.

Not even when she wrote
Of our dead child, and the handwriting swerved ;
Not even then I shook :
Not even by such words was I unnerved.

I thought, she is at peace ;
Whither the child is gone, she too has passed.
And a much needed rest
Is fallen upon her, she is still at last.

But when at length I took
From under all those letters one small sheet,
Folded and writ in haste ;
Why did my heart with sudden sharpness beat ?

Alas, it was not sad !
Her saddest words I had read calmly o'er.
Alas, it had no pain !
Her painful words, all these I knew before.

A hurried happy line !
A little jest, too slight for one so dead :
This did I not endure :
Then with a shuddering heart no more I read.

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

MATHILDE BLIND

328. *The Dead*

THE dead abide with us ! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still :
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star !
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

329. *A Superscription*

LOOK in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell ;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between ;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

Mark me, how still I am ! But should there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

330. *Separation*

THERE is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and eventide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross, alas ! alas !

JOHN RUSKIN

331. *Agonia*

WHEN our delight is desolate,
And hope is overthrown ;
And when the heart must bear the weight
Of its own love alone ;
And when the soul, whose thoughts are deep,
Must guard them unrevealed,
And feel that it is full, but keep
That fullness calm and sealed ;
When Love's long glance is dark with pain—
With none to meet or cheer ;
And words of woe are wild in vain
For those who cannot hear ;

BITTER REMEMBRANCE

When earth is dark, and memory
Pale in the heaven above,
The heart can bear to lose its joy,
But not to cease to love.

But what shall guide the choice within,
Of guilt or agony,—
When to remember is to sin,
And to forget—to die ?

JOHN E. LOGAN

332. *The Indian Maid's Lament*

A BLOOD-RED ring hung round the moon,
Hung round the moon. Ah me ! Ah me !
I heard the piping of the Loon,
A wounded Loon. Ah me !
And yet the eagle feathers rare
I, trembling, wove in my brave's hair.

He left me in the early morn,
The early morn. Ah me ! ah me !
The feathers swayed like stately corn,
So like the corn. Ah me !
A fierce wind swept across the plain,
The stately corn was snapt in twain.

They crushed in blood the hated race,
The hated race. Ah me ! Ah me !
I only clasped a cold, blind face,
His cold, dead face. Ah me !
A blood-red ring hangs in my sight,
I hear the Loon cry every night.

XXVI. MELANCHOLY

‘ But O, the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return !’

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

333. *The Desolate City*

DARK to me is the earth. Dark to me are the heavens.
Where is she that I loved, the woman with eyes like
stars ?

Desolate are the streets. Desolate is the city.
A city taken by storm, where none are left but the slain.

Sadly I rose at dawn, undid the latch of my shutters,
Thinking to let in light, but I only let in love.
Birds in the boughs were awake ; I listen’d to their
chaunting ;
Each one sang to his love ; only I was alone.

This, I said in my heart, is the hour of life and of pleasure.
Now each creature on earth has his joy, and lives in the
sun,
Each in another’s eyes finds light, the light of compassion,
This is the moment of pity, this is the moment of love.

MELANCHOLY

Speak, O desolate city ! Speak, O silence in sadness !
Where is she that I loved in my strength, that spoke to
my soul ?
Where are those passionate eyes that appeal'd to my eyes
in passion ?
Where is the mouth that kiss'd me, the breast I laid to
my own ?
Speak, thou soul of my soul, for rage in my heart is kindled.
Tell me, where didst thou flee on the day of destruction
and fear ?
See, my arms still enfold thee, enfolding thus all heaven,
See, my desire is fulfill'd in thee, for it fills the earth.
Thus in my grief I lamented. Then turn'd I from the
window,
Turn'd to the stair, and the open door, and the empty
street,
Crying aloud in my grief, for there was none to chide me,
None to mock my weakness, none to behold my tears.
Groping I went, as blind. I sought her house, my
belovèd's.
There I stopp'd at the silent door, and listen'd and
tried the latch.
Love, I cried, dost thou slumber ? This is no hour for
slumber,
This is the hour of love, and love I bring in my hand.
I knew the house, with its windows barr'd, and its leafless
fig-tree,
Climbing round by the doorstep, the only one in the
street ;
I knew where my hope had climb'd to its goal and there
encircled
All that those desolate walls once held, my belovèd's
heart.

MELANCHOLY

There in my grief she consoled me. She loved me when
I loved not.

She put her hand in my hand, and set her lips to my
lips.

She told me all her pain and show'd me all her trouble.

I, like a fool, scarce heard, hardly return'd her kiss.

Love, thy eyes were like torches. They changed as I
beheld them.

Love, thy lips were like gems, the seal thou sett'st on
my life.

Love, if I loved not then, behold this hour thy vengeance ;

This is the fruit of thy love and thee, the unwise grown
wise.

Weeping strangled my voice. I call'd out, but none
answer'd ;

Blindly the windows gazed back at me, dumbly the door ;

She whom I love, who loved me, look'd not on my yearning,

Gave me no more her hands to kiss, show'd me no more
her soul.

Therefore the earth is dark to me, the sunlight blackness,

Therefore I go in tears and alone, by night and day ;

Therefore I find no love in heaven, no light, no beauty.

A heaven taken by storm, where none are left but the
slain !

MELANCHOLY

JOHN FLETCHER

334 *From 'The Nice Valour'*

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There 's naught in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy—
O sweetest melancholy !
Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound !

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
A midnight bell, a parting groan—
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

MELANCHOLY

JOHN FLETCHER ?

335. *From 'The Two Noble Kinsmen'*

URNS and odours bring away !
Vapours, sighs, darken the day !
Our dole more deadly looks than dying ;
Balms and gums and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wild air flying !

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes !
We convènt naught else but woes.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

336. *From 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle'*

COME you whose loves are dead,
And, whiles I sing,
Weep, and wring
Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew,
Ribands black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true !

Come with heavy mourning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning ;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true !

MELANCHOLY

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON,
EARL OF LYTTON

337. *The Last Wish*

SINCE all that I can ever do for thee
Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be :
That thou mayst never guess nor ever see
The all-endured this nothing-done costs me.

ANONYMOUS

338. *Fair Helen of Kirconnell*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea ! . . .

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die !

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, ' Haste, and come to me ! '—

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I'd be blest,
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

MELANCHOLY

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

339. *On the death of William Hervey*

MY sweet companion and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever and my life to moan ?
O, thou hast left me all alone !
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest Friend, do part from thee.

My dearest Friend, would I had died for thee !
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be :
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie ;
Alas ! my treasure's gone ; why do I stay ? . . .

MELANCHOLY

Large was his soul : as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here ;
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave.
So high that all the virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great ;
So low, that for me too it made a room. . . .
With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
'Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the Sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day. . . .

GEORGE ELIOT

340.

Two Lovers

TWO lovers by a moss-grown spring :
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time !
O love's blest prime !
Two wedded from the portal stept
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride !
O tender pride !

MELANCHOLY

Two faces o'er a cradle bent :
Two hands above the head were locked ;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour !
O hidden power !

Two parents by the evening fire :
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life !
O tender strife !

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees ;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone, and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast !
O vanished past !

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide ;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, ' Once more ! '
O memories !
O past that is !

MELANCHOLY

JOHN KEATS

341. *Paolo and Francesca*

AS Hermes once took to his feathers light,
When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
So on a Delphic reed, my idle spright
So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft
The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes ;
And, seeing it asleep, so fled away—
Not to pure Ida with the snow-cold skies,
Nor unto Tempe where Jove griev'd a day ;
But to that second circle of sad hell,
Where 'mid the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw,
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

JOHN KEATS

342. *Ode on Melancholy*

NO, no ! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine ;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine ;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries ;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

MELANCHOLY

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud ;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies ;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die ;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu ; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips :
Aye, in the very temple of delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine ;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

MELANCHOLY

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

343. *The Morrow's Message*

'**T**HOU Ghost,' I said, 'and is thy name To-day?—
Yesterday's son, with such an abject brow!—
And can To-morrow be more pale than thou?'
While yet I spoke, the silence answered: 'Yea,
Henceforth our issue is all grieved and grey,
And each beforehand makes such poor avow
As of old leaves beneath the budding bough
Or night-drift that the sundawn shreds away.'

Then cried I: 'Mother of many malisons,
O Earth, receive me to thy dusty bed!'
But therewithal the tremulous silence said:
'Lo! Love yet bids thy lady greet thee once:—
Yea, twice,—whereby thy life is still the sun's;
And thrice,—whereby the shadow of death is dead.'

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

344. *Dirge for Wolfram*

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

MELANCHOLY

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die ;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye ;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

345.

From ' Rugby Chapel '

COLDLY, sadly descends
The autumn evening ! The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent ;—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play !
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows ; but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father ! art laid. . . .

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now ? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain !
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm ! . . .

MELANCHOLY

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth ?—
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing ; and then, they die—
Perish ! and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone. . . .

CHARLOTTE SMITH

346. *In a Churchyard*

O THOU, who sleep'st where hazel bands entwine
The vernal grass, with paler violets drest !
I would, sweet maid, thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest.
For never more, by human ills opprest,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :
Thou canst not now thy fondest hopes resign
Even in the hour that should have made thee blest.
Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breast ;
And lingering here, to love and sorrow true,
The youth who once thy simple heart possest
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;
While still for him shall faithful memory save
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave.

MELANCHOLY

EMILY BRONTË

347. *Remembrance*

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled above
thee,

Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into spring :
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me ;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished
Strengthen'd, and fed without the aid of joy.

MELANCHOLY

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.
And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again ?

WILLIAM MORRIS

348. *A Garden by the Sea*

I KNOW a little garden-close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.
And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillar'd house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before !

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea.
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

MELANCHOLY

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskill'd to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face
Once seen, once kiss'd, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

349. *From 'Aylmer's Field'*

FRRIENDS, I was bid to speak of such a one
By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said 'hail' she seem'd,
Who entering fill'd the house with sudden light.
For so mine own was brighten'd : where indeed
The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven
Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway ? whose the babe
Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,
Warm'd at her bosom ? The poor child of shame,
The common care whom no one cared for, leapt
To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,
As with the mother he had never known,
In gambols ; for her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue,

MELANCHOLY

That all neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when they saw her.
Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one
Was all but silence—free of alms her hand—
The hand that robed your cottage-walls with flowers
Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones ;
How often placed upon the sick man's brow
Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth !
Had you one sorrow and she shared it not ?
One burthen and she would not lighten it ?
One spiritual doubt she did not soothe ?
Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,
How sweetly would she glide between your wraths,
And steal you from each other ! for she walk'd
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee !
And one—of him I was not bid to speak—
Was always with her, whom you also knew.
Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.
And these had been together from the first ;
'They might have been together till the last.
Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
Without the captain's knowledge : hope with me.
Whose shame is that, if he went hence with shame ?
Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these
I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls,
' My house is left unto me desolate.' . . .

MELANCHOLY

SAMUEL JOHNSON

350. *On the Death of Mr. Robert Levet,
a Practiser in Physic*

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepared the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride ;
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

MELANCHOLY

His virtues walk'd their narrow round
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD
HOUGHTON

351.

In Memoriam

'TIS right for her to sleep between
Some of those old Cathedral-walls,
And right too that her grave is green
With all the dew and rain that falls.

'Tis well the organ's solemn sighs
Should soar and sink around her rest,
And almost in her ear should rise
The prayers of those she loved the best.

MELANCHOLY

'Tis also well this air is stirred
By Nature's voices loud and low,
By thunder and the chirping bird,
And grasses whispering as they grow.

For all her spirit's earthly course
Was as a lesson and a sign
How to o'errule the hard divorce
That parts things natural and divine.

Undaunted by the clouds of fear,
Undazzled by a happy day,
She made a Heaven about her here,
And took, how much ! with her away.

JOHN OLDHAM

352. *On the Death of Katharine Kingscourt*

EARTH was unworthy such a prize as this,
Only a while Heav'n let us share the bliss ;
In vain her stay with fruitless tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd court, when that our rival grew.
Thanks, ye kind Powers ! who did so long dispense
(Since you so wished her) with her absence thence :
We now resign, to you alone we grant
The sweet monopoly of such a saint ;
So pure a saint. I scarce dare call her so,
For fear to wrong her with a name too low ;
Such a seraphic brightness in her shined,
I hardly can believe her womankind.

MELANCHOLY

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

353. *On a vertuous young Gentlewoman
who dyed suddenly*

WHEN the old flaming prophet climbed the sky,
Who, at one glimpse, did vanish and not dye,
He made more preface to a death than this.
So far from sick, she did not breath amiss :
She who to Heaven more Heaven doth annex,
Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,
Accounted nothing death but t' be repriev'd,
And dyed as free from sickness as she liv'd.
Others are dragg'd away, or must be driven,
She only saw her time and stept to Heaven ;
Where seraphims view all her glories o'er,
As one return'd that had been there before.
For while she did this lower world adorn,
Her body seem'd rather assum'd than born ;
So rarified, advanced, so pure and whole,
'That body might have been another's soul ;
And equally a miracle it were
That she could die, or that she could live here.

BEN JONSON

354. *Elegy on the Lady Venetia Digby*

'TWERE time that I died too, now she is dead,
Who was my Muse, and life of all I said ;
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceived
All that was good or great, in me she weaved. . . .
'Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive at one :
What 's left a poet, when his Muse is gone ? . . .

MELANCHOLY

Indeed, she is not dead ! but laid to sleep
In earth, till the last trump awake the sheep
And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their Judge, and His eternal doom. . .
And she doth know, out of the shade of death,
What 'tis to enjoy an everlasting breath !
To have her captived spirit freed from flesh,
And on her innocence, a garment fresh
And white, as that, put on : and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crownèd victrice stand ! . . .
She was in one a many parts of life ;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable, to religious end
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety, and private holiness.
She spent more time in tears herself to dress
For her devotions, and those sad essays
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days ;
And came forth ever cheered, with the rod
Of divine comfort, when she had talked with God.

CHARLES WOLFE

355.

To Mary

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be :
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

MELANCHOLY

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain.
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

MELANCHOLY

JOHN TALON-LESPÉRANCE

356.

First Snow

THE sun burns pale and low
Along the gloomy avenue of pines,
And the grey mist hangs heavily in lines
Above the torrent's flow.

I hear, on the violet hill,
The caw of blackbirds fleeing from the cold ;
And buzz of insects, hiding in the mould,
Under the ruined mill.

The deep embrownèd wood
Is garlanded with wreaths of fleecy white ;
And the stark poplar stands, a Northland sprite,
Muffled in snowy hood.

Aye ! but chief, on thy headstone,
Who slept 'neath summer roses, cold flakes rest,
And filter icy drops upon thy breast,—
Thy tender breast,—my own.

While on my drooping head—
Yes, on my sunken heart, distils the snow,
Chilling the warmth and life that in it glow,
In pity for my dead !

Not till the crocus bloom,
And April rays have thawed the frost-bound slope,
O Rita, shall this heart to light reope,
With the flowers on thy tomb !

MELANCHOLY

HEINRICH HEINE—RICHARD GARNETT

357. *'O Dearest, canst thou tell me why'*

O DEAREST, canst thou tell me why
The rose should be so pale ?
And why the azure violet
Should wither in the vale ?
And why the lark should in the cloud
So sorrowfully sing ?
And why from loveliest balsam-buds
A scent of death should spring ?
And why the sun upon the mead
So chillingly should frown ?
And why the earth should, like a grave,
Be mouldering and brown ?
And why it is that I myself
So languishing should be ?
And why it is, my heart of hearts,
That thou forsakest me ?

PIERRE DE RONSARD—ANDREW LANG

358. *His Lady's Death*

TWAIN that were foes, while Mary lived, are fled :
One laurel-crowned abides in heaven, and one
Beneath the earth has fared, a fallen sun,
A light of love among the loveless dead.
The first is Chastity, that vanquishèd
The archer Love, that held joint empery
With the sweet beauty that made war on me,
When laughter of lips with laughing eyes was wed.

MELANCHOLY

Their strife the Fates have closed, with stern control,
The earth holds her fair body, and her soul
An angel with glad angels triumpheth ;
Love has no more that he can do ; desire
Is buried, and my heart a faded fire,
And for Death's sake, I am in love with Death.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA—BARBARINA, LADY DACRE

359. *Nè per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle*

NOT skies serene, with glittering stars inlaid,
Nor gallant ships o'er tranquil ocean dancing,
Nor gay careering knights in arms advancing,
Nor wild herds bounding through the forest glade,
Nor tidings new of happiness delayed,
Nor poesie, Love's witchery enhancing,
Nor lady's song beside clear fountain glancing,
In beauty's pride, with chastity arrayed ;

Nor aught of lovely, aught of gay in show,
Shall touch my heart now cold within her tomb
Who was erewhile my life and light below !

So heavy—tedious—sad—my days unblest,
That I, with strong desire, invoke Death's gloom,
Her to behold, whom ne'er to have seen were best !

MELANCHOLY

FRANCESCO PETRARCA—THOMAS
WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

360. *Gli occhi di ch'io parlai*

THOSE eyes, 'neath which my passionate rapture
rose,

The arms, hands, feet, the beauty that erewhile
Could my own soul from its own self beguile,
And in a separate world of dreams enclose,

The hair's bright tresses, full of golden glows,
And the soft lightning of the angelic smile
'That changed this earth to some celestial isle,
Are now but dust, poor dust, that nothing knows.

And yet I live ! Myself I grieve and scorn,
Left dark without the light I loved in vain,
Adrift in tempest on a bark forlorn ;

Dead is the source of all my amorous strain,
Dry is the channel of my thoughts outworn,
And my sad harp can sound but notes of pain.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA—THOMAS
WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

361. *Soleasi nel mio cor*

SHE ruled in beauty o'er this heart of mine,
A noble lady in a humble home,
And now her time for heavenly bliss has come,
'Tis I am mortal proved, and she divine.

The soul that all its blessings must resign,
And love whose light no more on earth finds room,
Might rend the rocks with pity for their doom,
Yet none their sorrows can in words enshrine ;

MELANCHOLY

They weep within my heart ; and ears are deaf
Save mine alone, and I am crushed with care,
And naught remains to me save mournful breath.
Assuredly but dust and shade we are,
Assuredly desire is blind and brief,
Assuredly its hope but ends in death.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA—ROBERT CADELL

362. *Quanta invidia io ti porto*

O EARTH, whose clay-cold mantle shrouds that face
And veils those eyes that late so brightly shone,
Whence all that gave delight on Earth was known ;
How much I envy thee that harsh embrace !

O Heaven, that in thy airy Courts confin'd
That purest Spirit when from Earth she fled
And sought the Mansions of the righteous Dead,—
Ah envious, thus to leave my parting Soul behind !

O Angels that in your seraphic Choir
Receiv'd her Sister-soul, and now enjoy
Still present these Delights without alloy
Which my fond Heart must still in vain desire !
In Her I liv'd ; in her my Life decays :—
Yet envious Fate denies to end my hapless days.

MELANCHOLY

LORD BYRON

363. *From 'Hebrew Melodies'*

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain ?
Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

EDWARD YOUNG

364. *Under the Violets*

UNDER the violets, blue and sweet,
Where low the willow droops and weeps,
Where children tread with timid feet,
When twilight o'er the forest creeps,
She sleeps,—my little darling sleeps.

MELANCHOLY

Breathe low and soft, O wind ! breathe low
Where so much loveliness is laid !
Pour out thy heart in strains of woe,
O bird ! that in the willows' shade
Sing'st till the stars do pale and fade.

It may be that to other eyes,
As in the happy days of old,
'The sun doth every morning rise
O'er mountain summits tipped with gold,
And set where sapphire seas are rolled ;

But I am so hedged round with woe,
This glory I no more can see.
O weary heart, that throbbest so,
Thou hast but this one wish,—to be
A little dust beneath the tree.

I would thou hadst thy wish to-day,
And we were lying side by side
With her who took our life away
That heavy day whereon she died.
O Grave ! I would thy gates were wide.

THOMAS CAREW

365. *Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers*

THE Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone : with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, Reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear :

MELANCHOLY

Or if thyself possess a gem
As dear to thee, as this to them,
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case :
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy Darling in an urn.

EDMUND SPENSER

366.

Astrophel

[*Upon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney*]

SHEPHERDS that wont on pipes of oaten reed,
Soft times to plaine your loues concealèd smart ;
And with your piteous layes haue learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart.
Hearken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell :
To you whose softened hearts it may empiere,
With dolours dart for death of *Astrophel*.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read :
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing but the dead.
And if in him found pity euer place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

MELANCHOLY

WILLIAM BROWNE

367. *From 'Britannia's Pastorals'*

GLIDE soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring :
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing !
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But (of great 'Thetis' train)
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye ; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murd'ring winds,
To move a wave ;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave ;
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

MELANCHOLY

Had he Arion-like
 Been judg'd to drown,
He on his lute could strike
 So rare a sowne ;
A thousand dolphins would have come
And jointly strive to bring him home.
But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain !
 His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
 (For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land !
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

EDMUND SPENSER

368.

Daphnaida

OUT of the world thus was she reft awaie,
Out of the world, vnworthie such a spoyle ;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter pray :
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament ;
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament. . . .

MELANCHOLY

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde :
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong ;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with winde :
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vndersong. . . .

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyl'd with trauaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse ;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assayld from sinfull fleshlinesse. . . .

Our daies are full of dolor and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease.
Why then should I desire here to remaine ?
Or why should he that loues me, sorie bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see ? . . .

And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew,
In which sad death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearful brow,
Which all the world subdued vnto it ;
How happie was I then, and wretched now ?

MELANCHOLY

How happie was I, when I saw her leade
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd !
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse with rosie garland crownd !
And when she list aduance her heauenly voyce,
Both Nymphs and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce. . . .

For I will walke this wandering pilgrimage
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction wast my better age.
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may finde ;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

And she my loue that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiaall throne,
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pitie me that liuing thus doo die :
For heauenly spirits haue compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorowe satisfide
Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th' heauens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me ; for which I daylie long,
And will till then my painfull penance eeke :
Weep Shepheard, weep to make my vnder song. . . .

MELANCHOLY

And euer as I see the starres to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call,
How my faire Starre (that shinde on me so bright)
Fell sodainly, and faded vnder ground ;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a *Venus* starre is found. . .

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

369. *Marvel of Marvels*

MARVEL of marvels, if I myself shall behold
With mine own eyes my King in His city of gold ;
Where the least of lambs is spotless white in the fold,
Where the least and last of saints in spotless white is stoled,
Where the dimmest head beyond a moon is aureoled.
O saints, my belovèd; now mouldering to mould in the
mould,
Shall I see you lift your heads, see your cerements unrolled,
See with these very eyes ? who now in darkness and cold
Tremble for the midnight cry, the rapture, the tale
untold,—
' The Bridegroom cometh, cometh, His Bride to enfold.'

Cold it is, my belovèd, since your funeral bell was tolled :
Cold it is, O my King, how cold alone on the wold.

MELANCHOLY

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

370. *Newborn Death*

AND thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss,
With whom, when our first heart beat full and fast,
I wandered till the haunts of men were pass'd,
And in fair places found all bowers amiss
Till only woods and waves might hear our kiss,
While to the winds all thought of Death we cast :—
Ah, Life ! and must I have from thee at last
No smile to greet me and no babe but this ?

Lo ! Love, the child once ours ; and Song, whose hair
Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath ;
And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God found fair ;
These o'er the book of Nature mixed their breath
With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched them there :
And did these die that thou mightst bear me Death ?

XXVII. VAIN LONGING

‘ I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.’

ANONYMOUS

371. *The Lover in Winter Plaineth for
the Spring*

O WESTERN wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain ?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

372. *From ‘ Maud ’*

O THAT ’twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again ! . . .

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee :
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. . . .

VAIN LONGING

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

ANONYMOUS

373. *' If I could hold your hands '*

IF I could hold your hands to-night,
Just for a little while, and know
That only I, of all the world,
Possessed them so.

A slender shape in that old chair,
If I could see you here to-night,
Between me and the twilight pale—
So light and frail.

Your cool white dress, its folding lost
In one broad sweep of shadow grey ;
Your weary head just drooped aside,
That sweet old way.

Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain,
The darkness crossing half your face,
And just the glimmer of a smile
For one to trace.

VAIN LONGING

If I could see your eyes that reach
Far out into the farthest sky,
Where past the trail of dying suns
The old years lie.

Or touch your silent lips to-night,
And steal the sadness from their smile,
And find the last kiss they have kept
This weary while !

If it could be—Oh, all in vain
The restless trouble of my soul
Sets, as the great tides of the moon,
Toward your control !

In vain the longings of the lips,
The eye's desire and the pain ;
The hunger of the heart—O love,
Is it in vain ?

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

374. *' Tears, idle Tears '*

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

VAIN LONGING

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
'To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

375.

Sonnet

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
flow'rs ;

The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but ah ! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again ;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair ;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone,—nor gold nor gems her can restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.

VAIN LONGING

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

376. *The One Hope*

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget ?
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—
Or may the soul at once in a green plain
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet ?

Ah ! when the wan soul in that golden air
Between the scripted petals softly blown
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—
Ah ! let none other alien spell soe'er
But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

377. *Upon Castara's Departure*

VOWS are vain. No suppliant breath
Stays the speed of swift-heel'd death.
Life with her is gone, and I
Learn but a new way to die.
See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funeral.
The bright lily, as if day
Parted with her, fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the rose

VAIN LONGING

A sad part in sorrow bears,
Witness all those dewy tears,
Which as pearl, or diamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheek.
All things mourn ; but oh, behold
How the withered marigold
Closeth up now she is gone,
Judging her the setting sun.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

378. ‘ *Surprised by Joy* ’

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss ?—That thought’s return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart’s best treasure was no more ;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

VAIN LONGING

SYDNEY DOBELL

From 'England in Time of War'

379. *'She touches a sad string of soft
recall'*

RETURN, return ! all night my lamp is burning,
All night, like it, my wide eyes watch and burn ;
Like it, I fade and pale, when day returning
Bears witness that the absent can return,
Return, return.

Like it, I lessen with a lengthening sadness,
Like it, I burn to waste and waste to burn,
Like it, I spend the golden oil of gladness
To feed the sorrowful signal for return,
Return, return.

Like it, like it, whene'er the east wind sings,
I bend and shake ; like it, I quake and yearn,
When Hope's late butterflies, with whispering wings,
Fly in out of the dark, to fall and burn—
Burn in the watchfire of return,
Return, return.

Like it, the very flame whereby I pine
Consumes me to its nature. While I mourn
My soul becomes a better soul than mine,
And from its brightening beacon I discern
My starry love go forth from me, and shine
Across the seas a path for thy return,
Return, return.

VAIN LONGING

Return, return ! all night I see it burn,
All night it prays like me, and lifts a twin
Of palmèd praying hands that meet and yearn—
Yearn to the impleaded skies for thy return.
Day, like a golden fetter, locks them in,
And wans the light that withers, tho' it burn
 As warmly still for thy return ;
Still thro' the splendid load uplifts the thin
Pale, paler, palest patience that can learn
Naught but that votive sign for thy return—
That single suppliant sign for thy return,
 Return, return.

Return, return ! lest haply, love, or e'er
Thou touch the lamp the light have ceased to burn,
And thou, who thro' the window didst discern
The wonted flame, shalt reach the topmost stair
 To find no wide eyes watching there,
No wither'd welcome waiting thy return !
A passing ghost, a smoke-wreath in the air,
The flameless ashes, and the soulless urn,
Warm with the famish'd fire that lived to burn—
Burn out its lingering life for thy return,
Its last of lingering life for thy return,
Its last of lingering life to light thy late return,
 Return, return.

VAIN LONGING

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

380.

Lucy

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd,
The bowers where Lucy play'd ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

VAIN LONGING

JOACHIM DU BELLAY—ANDREW LANG

381. *To his Friend in Elysium*

SO long you wandered on the dusky plain,
Where flit the shadows with their endless cry,
You reach the shore where all the world goes by,
You leave the strife, the slavery, the pain ;
But we, but we, the mortals that remain
In vain stretch hands ; for Charon sullenly
Drives us afar, we may not come anigh
Till that last mystic obolus we gain.

But you are happy in the quiet place,
And with the learned lovers of old days,
And with your love, you wander evermore
In the dim woods, and drink forgetfulness
Of us your friends, a weary crowd that press
About the gate, or labour at the oar.

VAIN LONGING

THOMAS GRAY

382. *On the Death of Mr. West*

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire ;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

VAIN LONGING

WALT WHITMAN

383. *From 'Sea-Drift'*

SHINE ! shine ! shine !
Pour down your warmth, great Sun !
While we bask—we two together.

Two together !
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together. . . .

Blow ! blow ! blow !
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore !
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me. . . .

Soothe ! soothe ! soothe !
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every
one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon—it rose late ;
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.

O night ! do I not see my love fluttering out there among
the breakers ?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white ?

VAIN LONGING

Loud ! loud ! loud !

Loud I call to you, my love !

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves ;

Surely you must know who is here, is here ;

You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon !

What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate !

O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land ! land ! O land !

Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give my mate
back again, if you only would,

For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars !

Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with
some of you.

O throat ! O trembling throat !

Sound clearer through the atmosphere !

Pierce the woods, the earth ;

Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the one I want.

Shake out, carols !

Solitary here—the night's carols !

Carols of lonesome love ! Death's carols !

Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon !

O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into
the sea !

O reckless, despairing carols.

But soft ! sink low ;

Soft ! let me just murmur ;

VAIN LONGING

And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea ;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding
to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen ;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come
immediately to me.

Hither, my love !
Here I am ! Here !
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you ;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere !
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice ;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray ;
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness ! O in vain !
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky, near the moon, drooping upon
the sea !
O troubled reflection in the sea !
O throat ! O throbbing throat !
O all—and I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

Yet I murmur, murmur on !
O murmurs—you yourselves make me continue to sing,
I know not why.

O past ! O life ! O songs of joy !
In the air—in the woods—over fields ;
Loved ! loved ! loved ! loved ! loved !
But my love no more, no more with me !
We two together no more.

XXVIII. LONELINESS

‘ The light of a whole life dies when love is done.’

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

384. *Stanzas.—April, 1814*

AWAY ! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even :
Away ! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of
heaven.

Pause not ! the time is past ! Every voice cries ‘ Away ! ’
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend’s ungentle
mood :

Thy lover’s eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy
stay :

Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away ! to thy sad and silent home ;

Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth ;

Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,

And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around
thine head :

The blooms of dewy Spring shall gleam beneath thy
feet :

LONELINESS

But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that
binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and
peace, may meet.

'The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the
deep :

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows ;
Whatever moves or toils or grieves hath its appointed
sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet, till the phantoms flee,
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to
thee erewhile,

'Thy remembrance and repentance and deep musings are
not free
From the music of two voices, and the light of one
sweet smile.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

385. *From 'In Memoriam'*

DARK house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

LONELINESS

He is not here ; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

.

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss :

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothèd wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON

386. ‘ *She only died last week* ’

SHE only died last week, and yet
Suns might have risen and have set
A thousand : May's here like a bride,
And it was May when Mary died.

Incredible ! We might last week
Have kissed her, held her, heard her speak,
Who now has travelled far, so far
Beyond the moon and the day-star.

LONELINESS

Since she has gone all Time and Space
Have lost their meanings : Mary's face
Grows dim in distance, like a light
Far down a darkness infinite.

Last week ! Why this new grief we have
Is old as Time, old as the grave :
It was and will be : darkness spread
Over the world since Mary's dead.

Last week she died. The lilac bough
Her eyes watched bud is blooming now.
The chestnut's lit her lamp since then,
And the lost cuckoo's come again.

A week ago ! O endless space
Since Mary heavenward turned her face !
And still the lilac's on the spray
That budded when she went away.

CHARLES LAMB

387. *The old familiar Faces*

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LONELINESS

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

388. '*It's an owercome sooth*'

IT'S an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld,
And it's him that has bereft me ;
For the sürest friends are the auldest friends,
And the maist o' mines hae left me.

LONELINESS

There are kind hearts still, for friends to fill
And fools to take and break them ;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the grave 's the place to seek them.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

389.

The Holy Tide

THE days are sad, it is the Holy tide :
The Winter morn is short, the Night is long ;
So let the lifeless Hours be glorified
With deathless thoughts and echo'd in sweet song :
And through the sunset of this purple cup
They will resume the roses of their prime,
And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,
Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts sublime !

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide :
Be dusky mistletoes and hollies strown,
Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,
Red as the drops upon His thorny crown ;
No haggard Passion and no lawless Mirth
Fright off the solemn Muse,—tell sweet old tales,
Sing songs as we sit brooding o'er the hearth,
Till the lamp flickers, and the memory fails.

LONELINESS

EDMUND SPENSER

390.

Sonnet

LYKE as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
Me to direct, with cloudes is ouercast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
My *Helice* the lodestar of my lyfe
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With louely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
In secret sorow and sad pensiuenesse.

LONELINESS

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

391.

To the Dead

GONE art thou ! gone, and is the light of day
Still shining, is my hair not touch'd with grey ?
But evening draweth nigh, I pass the door,
And see thee walking on the dim-lit shore.

Gone, art thou ? gone, and weary on the brink
Of Lethe waiting there. O do not drink,
Drink not, forget not, wait a little while,
I shall be with thee ; we again may smile.

ARTHUR SYMONS

392.

From ' Amoris Victima '

i.

HE who has entered by this sorrow's door
Is neither dead nor living any more.
Nothing can touch me now, except the cold
Of whitening years that slowly make youth old ;
Hunger, that makes the body faint ; one thought
That ends all memory ; for the future, nought.
My future ended yesterday ; I have
Only a past, on this side of the grave.
For I have lost you, and you fill the whole
Of life now lost ; and I have lost my soul,
Because I have no part or lot in things
That were to be immortal : grave-mould clings
About my very thoughts ; and love's dead too.
All that I know of love I learnt of you.

LONELINESS

ii.

I CANNOT work : I dare not sit alone.
There 's not a corner here that has not known
Some moment of you, and your pictured eyes
Pursue me with relentless memories.
Here was the chair you sat in ; here we lay
Until your face grew fainter with the day,
And, in a veil of kisses, swooning white,
Fell back into the mystery of night.
'Twas here I kissed you first : 'twas there you said,
' I love you ', and ' Would God that I were dead ! '
And now, when you are gone for evermore,
I pace between the window and the door,
And, in the feverish folly of despair,
Stand listening for your step upon the stair.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON

393. *'The Night has a thousand Eyes'*

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

LONELINESS

THOMAS MOORE

394. *' I found her not '*

I FOUND her not—the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odorous trace !

It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there. . . .

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

395. *' Here, ever since you went '*

HERE, ever since you went abroad,
If there be change, no change I see :
I only walk our wonted road,
The road is only walkt by me.

Yes ; I forgot ; a change there is—
Was it of *that* you bade me tell ?
I catch at times, at times I miss
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here !
Two shortest months ! Then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry.

LONELINESS

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

396. ‘*Mild is the parting year*’

MILD is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray ;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

397. *Years*

YEARS, many parti-colour'd years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall : when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *Adieu*.

LONELINESS

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

398. *The Maid's Lament*

I LOVED him not ; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him : I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me : but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
' Merciful God ! ' such was his latest prayer,
' These may she never share ! '
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And oh ! pray too for me !

LONELINESS

HENRY VAUGHAN

399. *' They are all gone into the
 world of light '*

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit ling'ring here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days :
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

LONELINESS

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb
 Her captived flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

400.

Without Her

WHAT of her glass without her ? The blank grey
 There where the pool is blind of the moon's face.
Her dress without her ? The tossed empty space
Of cloud-rack whence the moon has passed away.
Her paths without her ? Day's appointed sway
 Usurped by desolate night. Her pillowed place
Without her ? Tears, ah me ! for love's good grace,
And cold forgetfulness of night or day.

LONELINESS

What of the heart without her ? Nay, poor heart,
Of thee what word remains ere speech be still ?
A wayfarer by barren ways and chill,
Steep ways and weary, without her thou art,
Where the long cloud, the long wood's counterpart,
Sheds double darkness up the labouring hill.

WILLIAM BARNES

401.

The Wife a-lost

SINCE I noo mwore do zee your feâce,
Up steäirs or down below,
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleâce,
Where flat-bough'd beech do grow :
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
In walks in zummer het,
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
Drough trees a-dripèn wet :
Below the raïn-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner -bwoard
Your vaíce do never sound,
I'll eat the bit I can avword
A-vield upon the ground ;

LONELINESS

Below the darksome bough, my love,
Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I at hwome do pine.
Since I do miss your vaice an' feâce
In prayèr at eventide,
I'll pray wi' woone sad vaice vor greâce
To goo where you do bide ;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a waltèn vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

WILLIAM BROWNE

402. *A Shepherd Boy's Song*

IT is enough that I in silence sit,
And bend my skill to learne your layes aright ;
Nor strive with you in ready straines of wit,
Nor move my hearers with so true delight.
But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe
Your cares are prest ;
No shepherd lives that can my pipe out-goe
In such unrest.
I have not knowne so many yeares
As chances wrong,
Nor have they knowne more floods of teares
From one so yong.
Fain would I tune to please as others doe,
Wert not for faining song and numbers too.
Then (since not fitting now are songs of mone)
Sing, mirthfull swaines, but let me sigh alone.

LONELINESS

The nymphs that float upon these watry plaines
Have oft been drawne to listen to my song,
And sirens left to tune dissembling straines
In true bewailing of my sorrowes long.
Upon the waves of late a silver swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To sing, and dyde.
Yet where they should, they cannot move.
O haplesse verse !
That fitter, than to win a love,
Art for a herse.
Hence-forward silent be ; and ye my cares
Be knowne but to myselfe ; or who despaires,
Since pittie now lies turned to a stone.
Sing mirthfull swaines ; but let me sigh alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE

403.

Memory

SO shuts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun ;
So from the honeysuckle sheaves
The bee goes when the day is done ;
So sits the turtle when she is but one,
And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
Made all the summer as one day :
Which once enjoy'd, cold winter's wrath
As night they sleeping pass away.
Those happy creatures are, that know not yet
The pain to be deprived or to forget.

LONELINESS

I oft have heard men say there be
Some that with confidence profess
The helpful Art of Memory :
But could they teach Forgetfulness,
I'd learn ; and try what further art could do
To make me love her and forget her too.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

404. *From 'Sonnets from the Portuguese'*

GO from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore,—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

.
Belovèd, my Belovèd, when I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sate alone here in the snow
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice,—but, link by link,

LONELINESS

Went counting all my chains, as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand—why, thus I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder ! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech,—nor ever cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
Thou sawest growing ! Atheists are as dull,
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

HELEN SELINA, LADY DUFFERIN

405. *The Emigrant's Lament*

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

LONELINESS

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, O, they love the better still,
The few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride :
There 's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone :
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake !

LONELINESS

I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true !
But I'll not forget you, darling !
In the land I'm goin' to ;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side :
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

LONELINESS

DANTE ALIGHIERI—DANTE GABRIEL
ROSSETTI

406. *From 'La Vita Nuova'*

THAT lady of all gentle memories
Had lighted on my soul ;—whose new abode
Lies now, as it was well ordained of God,
Among the poor in heart, where Mary is.
Love, knowing that dear image to be his,
Woke up within the sick heart sorrow-bow'd,
Unto the sighs which are its weary load
Saying, ' Go forth.' And they went forth, I wis ;
Forth went they from my breast that throbb'd and ached ;
With such a pang as oftentimes will bathe
Mine eyes with tears when I am left alone.
And still those sighs which drew the heaviest breath
Came whispering thus : ' O noble intellect !
It is a year to-day that thou art gone.'

XXIX. THE HAPPY DEAD

‘ Her body is at peace in holy ground,
Her spirit is at peace where angels kneel.’

ROBERT HERRICK

407. *Upon a Maid*

HERE she lies, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise :
For her beauty, it was such
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins, come, and in a ring
Her supremest *Requiem* sing ;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o’er the dead.

408. *Upon a Child that died*

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood :
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

THE HAPPY DEAD

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

409.

Life Hidden

ROSES and lilies grow above the place
Where she sleeps the long sleep that doth not
dream.

If we could look upon her hidden face,
Nor shadow would be there, nor garish gleam
Of light ; her life is lapsing like a stream
That makes no noise but floweth on apace
Seawards, while many a shade and shady beam
Vary the ripples in their gliding chase.
She doth not see, but knows ; she doth not feel,
And yet is sensible ; she hears no sound,
Yet counts the flight of time and doth not err.
Peace far and near, peace to ourselves and her :
Her body is at peace in holy ground,
Her spirit is at peace where Angels kneel.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

410.

Is it well with the Child?

SAFE where I cannot lie yet,
Safe where I hope to lie too,
Safe from the fume and the fret ;

You, and you,
Whom I never forget.

Safe from the frost and the snow,
Safe from the storm and the sun,
Safe where the seeds wait to grow

One by one,
And to come back in blow.

THE HAPPY DEAD

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

411.

Athulf's Song

From 'Death's Jest Book'

ACYPRESS-BOUGH, and a rose-wreath sweet,
A wedding-robe, and a winding-sheet,
A bridal-bed and a bier.
Thine be the kisses, maid,
And smiling Love's alarms ;
And thou, pale youth, be laid
In the grave's cold arms.
Each in his own charms,
Death and Hymen both are here ;
So up with scythe and torch,
And to the old church porch,
While all the bells ring clear ;
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

412.

Aspatia's Song

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say, I dièd true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

THE HAPPY DEAD

SIR WALTER SCOTT

413. *From 'The Heart of Midlothian'*

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

' Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ? '—

' When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

' Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ? '—

' The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

' The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;

' The owl from the steeple sing,—
" Welcome, proud lady ! " '

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

414.

Tbrenos

BEAUTY, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

THE HAPPY DEAD

Leaving no posterity :
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

415.

Claribel

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall :
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone :
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone :
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,

THE HAPPY DEAD

The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

416.

In a Garden

ROSE and lily, white and red
From my garden garlanded,
These I brought and thought to grace
The perfection of thy face.

Other roses, pink and pale,
Lilies of another vale,
Thou hast bound around thy head
In the garden of the dead.

ROBERT NICOLL

417.

A Dirge

SLEEP on, sleep on, ye resting dead ;
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dewy greenness. Ever fled
From you hath Care ; and, in its stead,
Peace hath with you its dwelling made,
Where tears do cease from flowing.
Sleep on !

THE HAPPY DEAD

Sleep on, sleep on : Ye do not feel
Life's ever-burning fever—
Nor scorn that sears, nor pains that steel
And blanch the loving heart, until
'Tis like the bed of mountain-rill
Which waves have left for ever !
Sleep on !

Sleep on, sleep on : Your couch is made
Upon your mother's bosom ;
Yea, and your peaceful lonely bed
Is all with sweet wild-flowers inlaid ;
And over each earth-pillowed head
The hand of Nature strews them.
Sleep on ! . . .

EMILY BRONTË

418. *My Lady's Grave*

THE linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
That hide my lady fair :

The wild deer browse above her breast ;
The wild birds raise their brood ;
And they, her smiles of love caress'd,
Have left her solitude !

I ween that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
The light of joy again.

THE HAPPY DEAD

They thought the tide of grief would flow
Uncheck'd through future years ;
But where is all their anguish now ?
And where are all their tears ?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue—
'The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.

And if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh !

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound :
And murmur, summer streams !
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

419.

A. S. P.

FRAIL was she born ; petal by petal fell
Her life : till it was strown upon the herb ;
Like petals all her fancies lay about.
And the dread Powers kept her face toward grief,
Although she swerved ; and still with many a lash
Guided her to the anguish carefully.
So bare her soul that Beauty like a lance
Pierced her, and odour full of arrows was.
She drugged her brain against realities,
And lived in dreams, and was with music fed,

THE HAPPY DEAD

Imploring to be spared e'en sweetest things.
She suffered, and resorted to the ground,
Glad to be blind, and eager to be deaf ;
Soliciting eternal apathy.
And she was swift to steep her brain in moss,
And with the heart that so had loved, to blow
Merely, and to be idle in the wind.
She craved no Paradise but only peace.

ALEXANDER SMITH

420.

Barbara

ON the Sabbath-day,
Through the churchyard old and gray,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves I held my rustling way ;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ-
calms,
'Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and
solemn psalms,
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was elsewhere,
While the organ shook the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, bless'd the people
with a prayer ;
But when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-
like shine
Gleam'd a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on
mine—
Gleam'd and vanish'd in a moment—O that face was
surely thine
Out of heaven, Barbara !

THE HAPPY DEAD

O pallid, pallid face !
O earnest eyes of grace !

When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift
on your wrist :

The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist—
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kiss'd,
That wild morning, Barbara.

I search'd, in my despair,
Sunny noon and midnight air ;
I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering
there.

O many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone,
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone—
Within the dripping churchyard, the rain plashing on
your stone,
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I clasp'd around your happy arm while sitting by yon
brink ?
Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and
guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watch'd through lattice-
bars
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars,
Till the day broke, Barbara ?

In the years I've changed ;
Wild and far my heart has ranged,
And many sins and errors now have been on me avenged ;

THE HAPPY DEAD

But to you I have been faithful whatsoever good I lack'd :
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact—
Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reckless cararact.
Still I love you, Barbara.

Yet, Love, I am unblest ;
With many doubts opprest,
I wander like the desert wind without a place of rest.
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were still'd ; for Death hath told
you more
Than the melancholy world doth know ; things deeper
than all lore
You could teach me, Barbara

In vain, in vain, in vain !
You will never come again.
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of
rain ;
The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the
tree,
Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded
sea ;
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and
thee—
Barbara !

OSCAR WILDE

421. *Requiescat*

TREAD lightly, she is near
Under the snow.
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

THE HAPPY DEAD

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

422.

Lucy

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

THE HAPPY DEAD

ROBERT BROWNING

423. *From 'Paracelsus'*

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,
Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes
From out her hair : such balsam falls
Down seaside mountain pedestals,
From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,
Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their island-gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some old
Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud
Which breaks to dust when once unrolled ;
Or shredded perfume, like a cloud
From closet long to quiet vowed,
With moth'd and dropping arras hung,
Mouldering her lute and books among,
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

THOMAS CAREW

424. *Epitaph on the Daughter of Sir Thomas
Wentworth*

AND here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betrayed. . . .

In height, it soar'd to God above,
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love. . . .

THE HAPPY DEAD

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So, though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justified
A chaste polygamy, and died.

Learn from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

MADISON CAWEIN

425.

Dirge

WHAT shall her silence keep
Under the sun?
Here, where the willows weep
And waters run ;
Here, where she lies asleep,
And all is done.

Lights, when the tree-top swings ;
Scents that are sown ;
Sounds of the wood-bird's wings ;
And the bee's drone :
These be her comfortings
Under the stone.

What shall watch o'er her here
When day is fled ?
Here, when the night is near
And skies are red ;
Here, where she lieth dear
And young and dead.

THE HAPPY DEAD

Shadows, and winds that spill
Dew, and the tune
Of the wild whippoorwill,
And the white moon,—
These be the watchers still
Over her stone.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

426. *Minstrel's Song in 'Aella'*

O SING unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more at holyday,
Like a running river be :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Black his cryne as the winter night,
White his rode as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;
O he lies by the willow-tree !
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

THE HAPPY DEAD

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the brier'd dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares, as they go :

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud :
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud :

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid ;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid :

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll dent the briers
Round his holy corse to gre :
Ouph and fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be :

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree. . . .

Water witches crowned with wreaths
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die ! I come ! my true love waits.—
Thus the damsel spake and died.

THE HAPPY DEAD

JOHN FLETCHER

427. *On the Death of Beaumont*

COME, Sorrow, come ! bring all thy cries,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes !
Burn out, you living monuments of woe !
Sad sullen griefs, now rise and overflow !
Virtue is dead ;
Oh, cruel fate !
All youth is fled ;
All our laments too late.
Oh, noble youth, to thy ne'er-dying name,
Oh, happy youth, to thy still growing fame,
To thy long peace in Earth, this sacred knell
Our last loves ring—farewell, farewell, farewell !
Go, happy soul, to thy eternal birth !
And press thy body lightly, gentle earth !

THOMAS CAREW

428. *Epitaph on Lady Mary Villiers*

THIS little vault, this narrow room,
Of Love and Beauty is the tomb ;
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here,
For ever set to us : by Death
Sent to enflame the World Beneath.
'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again ;

THE HAPPY DEAD

A budding Star, that might have grown
Into a Sun when it had blown.
This hopeful Beauty did create
New life in Love's declining state ;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free :
His brand, his bow, let no man fear ;
The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

BEN JONSON

429. *Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.*

WOULDST thou hear what many say
In a little ? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die ;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was ELIZABETH,
The other, let it sleep with death :
Fitter where it died to tell
Than that it lived at all. Farewell !

THE HAPPY DEAD

BEN JONSON

430. *Epitaph on Master Philip Gray*

READER, stay :

And if I had no more to say
But : ‘ Here doth lie, till the last day,
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY ’,
It might thy patience richly pay :
For if such men as he could die,
What surety of life have thou and I ?

THOMAS GRAY

431. *Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke*

LO ! where the silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps :
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign’d,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father’s woe :
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days ?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear ;
A sigh ; an unavailing tear ;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

THE HAPPY DEAD

ROBERT BURNS

432. *Epitaph on a Friend*

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest ;
'The friend of man, the friend of truth,
'The friend of age, and guide of youth :
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
If there 's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

OSCAR WILDE

433. *The Grave of Shelley*

LIKE burnt-out torches by a sick man's bed
Gaunt cypress-trees stand round the sun-bleached
stone ;

Here doth the little night-owl make her throne,
And the slight lizard show his jewelled head.
And, where the chaliced poppies flame to red,
In the still chamber of yon pyramid
Surely some Old-World Sphinx lurks darkly hid,
Grim warder of this pleasaunce of the dead.

Ah ! sweet indeed to rest within the womb
Of Earth, great mother of eternal sleep,
But sweeter far for thee a restless tomb
In the blue cavern of an echoing deep,
Or where the tall ships founder in the gloom
Against the rocks of some wave-shattered steep.

THE HAPPY DEAD

SIR WALTER SCOTT

434. *Funeral Hymn from 'Ivanhoe'*

DUST into dust,
To this all must ;
The tenant hath resign'd
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown,
To seek the realms of woe,
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling be !
Till prayer and alms,
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free.

THE HAPPY DEAD

WILLIAM COLLINS

435.

Ode, 1746

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

MAURICE BARING

436.

Pierre

I SAW you starting for another war,
The emblem of adventure and of youth,
So that men trembled, saying : ' He forsooth
Has gone, has gone, and shall return no more.'
And then out there, they told me you were dead,
'Taken and killed ; how was it that I knew,
Whatever else was true, that was not true ?
And then I saw you pale upon your bed,

THE HAPPY DEAD

Scarcely two years ago, when you were sent
Back from the margin of the dim abyss ;
For Death had sealed you with a warning kiss,
And let you go to meet a nobler fate :
To fight for hearth and home, O fortunate,
To die in battle with your regiment.

INA KITSON CLARK

437. *The Winds*

(BY THE MOTHER OF A MIDSHIPMAN, 1915)

‘ She of her want did cast in all that she had.’

‘ **O**H! winds who seek, and seek the whole world over,
Changing from South to North, from heat to
cold,
Many and strange the things that you discover,
Changing from West to East, from new to old.

‘ Seek out and say, my sailor is he living? ’

‘ Oh! foolish mother, dreaming winds would tell!
The winds are deaf with thunder, dumb with grieving.
Who heeds a boy when all the world is hell? ’

‘ They range through league-long, month-long battle
seething ;
Tatter the bitter smoke that hides the shame ;
They mingle with the dying’s painful breathing,
They fan the smouldering cities into flame.

THE HAPPY DEAD

‘ Though they find lands where shuddering Peace is
waiting,

Where corn is garnered, cattle led to stall ;
Where mills still run and bells of prayer are prating,
Shadow and fear of death hangs over all.

‘ Pacing our frontiers with our safety weighted,
Our sentry-ships our world-wide empire range ;
From sea to sea the winds rush, always freighted
With word and password that our ships exchange.

‘ They bear the trumpet-blasts where kings are bringing
Armies of warriors from the far, far East ;
From far, far West through leagues of cornland singing
They found men hastening on the behest.

‘ You seek a boy ! For all the millions dying
Who drown at sea, or landward fighting fall,
The winds have heard the voice of women crying,
“ Where is my love who, dying, takes my all ? ”’

‘ When kings and captains die, the world regrets them :
My boy is proud to serve the selfsame State.
Proud though he die, and all but I forget him,
I will not grudge him, for the Cause is great.’

THE HAPPY DEAD

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

438.

A Fragment

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave !
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—
We call you back no more !

Oh ! there was mourning when ye fell,
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,
An agony, a wild farewell ;—
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame ;
The hills keep record of your name,
And never can a touch of shame
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,
When bright names from their place fall fast
And ye that with your glory passed,
We cannot mourn you now.

THE HAPPY DEAD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

439.

God's-Acre

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessèd name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth,
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow !

XXX. SWEET SORROW

‘ Come then, Sorrow !
Sweetest Sorrow ! . . .
For now of all the world I love thee best.’

JOHN MILTON

440.

Lycidas

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime !
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of som melodious tear. . . .

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return !
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

SWEET SORROW

The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherds ear. . . .
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

SWEET SORROW

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

441. *From 'Ave atque vale'*

In memory of Charles Baudelaire

O SLEEPLESS heart and sombre soul unsleeping,
That were athirst for sleep and no more life
And no more love, for peace and no more strife !
Now the dim gods of death have in their keeping
Spirit and body and all the springs of song,
Is it well now where love can do no wrong,
Where stingless pleasure has no foam or fang
Behind the unopening closure of her lips ?
Is it not well where soul from body slips
And flesh from bone divides without a pang
As dew from flower-bell drips ?

It is enough ; the end and the beginning
Are one thing to thee, who art past the end.
O hand unclasp'd of unbeholden friend,
For thee no fruits to pluck, no palms for winning,
No triumph and no labour and no lust,
Only dead yew-leaves and a little dust.
O quiet eyes wherein the light saith naught,
Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night
With obscure finger silences your sight,
Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks thought,
Sleep, and have sleep for light. . . .

Thou art far too far for wings of words to follow,
Far too far off for thought or any prayer.
What ails us with thee, who art wind and air ?
What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow ?

SWEET SORROW

Yet with some fancy, yet with some desire,
Dreams pursue death as winds a flying fire,
Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.
Still, and more swift than they, the thin flame flies,
The low light fails us in elusive skies,
Still the foil'd earnest ear is deaf, and blind
Are still the eluded eyes. . . .

Therefore he too now at thy soul's sunseting,
God of all suns and songs, he too bends down
To mix his laurel with thy cypress crown,
And save thy dust from blame and from forgetting.
Therefore he too, seeing all thou wert and art,
Compassionate, with sad and sacred heart,
Mourns thee of many his children the last dead,
And hallows with strange tears and alien sighs
Thine unmelodious mouth and sunless eyes,
And over thine irrevocable head
Sheds light from the under skies. . . .

Sleep, and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,
If sweet, give thanks ; thou hast no more to live ;
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.
Out of the mystic and the mournful garden
Where all day through thine hands in barren braid
Wove the sick flowers of secrecy and shade,
Green buds of sorrow and sin, and remnants grey,
Sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine-hearted,
Passions that sprang from sleep and thoughts that
started,
Shall death not bring us all as thee one day
Among the days departed ? . . .

SWEET SORROW

Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done ;
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

EDMUND SPENSER

442. *The Doleful Lay of Clorinda*

WOODS, hills and riuers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace :
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that euer grew,
Was *Astrophel* ; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre ?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced n vntimely howre.
Great losse to all that euer him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon :
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,
Neuer againe let lasse put gyrlond on.

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made,
Who euer made such layes of loue as hee ?

SWEET SORROW

Ne euer read the riddles, which he sayd
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alasse is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you and reft fro me my ioy :
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope neuer like againe to see.

Oh death that hast vs of such riches reft,
Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done ?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.
Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace :
By soueraine choyce from th' heuenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread.
Ay me, can so diuine a thing be dead ?

Ah no : it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aie, in blisfull Paradise :
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie.
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise.
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet. . .

SWEET SORROW

But liue thou there still happie, happie spirit,
And giue vs leaue thee here thus to lament :
Not thee that doest thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne selues that here in dole are dreent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT

443. *To the immortal Memory of*
 Lady Clifton

THY quiet rest from death this good derives :
Instead of one, it gives thee many lives.
While these lines last, thy shadow dwelleth here,
Thy fame itself extendeth everywhere ;
In Heav'n our hopes have plac'd thy better part ;
Thine image lives in thy sad husband's heart,
Who, as when he enjoy'd thee, he was chief
In love and comfort, so is he now in griefe.

SWEET SORROW

PIERRE CHARLES BAUDELAIRE—ARTHUR
REED ROPES

444

Meditation

BE still, my sorrow, and be strong to bear ;
The evening thou didst pray for, now comes down,
A veil of dusky air enfolds the town,
Bringing soft peace to some, to others care.
Now, while the wretched throngs of soulless clay,
Beneath the pitiless sting of pleasure's whip
Gather remorse in slavish fellowship,
Sorrow, give me thy hand, and come away,
Far from their noise. See the sad years deceased
Lean from the sky in garb of bygone times,
Regret that smiles up from the river's deep,
The sun that sinks beneath the bridge to sleep,
And hear the footsteps of the Night that climbs
Like a long shroud, trailing across the East.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

445.

Consolations in Bereavement

DEATH was full urgent with thee, Sister dear,
And startling in his speed ;—
Brief pain, then languor till thy end came near—
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's abode.

SWEET SORROW

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently :—
Yet merciful the haste

That baffles sickness ;—dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste

Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce distress.

Death came unheralded :—but it was well ;

For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore ;

All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change
prepared.

Death wrought in mystery ; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown :—

God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone ;

Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast caught away.

Death urged as scant of time :—lest, Sister dear,

We many a lingering day
Had sicken'd with alternate hope and fear,
The ague of delay ;

Watching each spark
Of promise quench'd in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came and went :—that so thy image might

Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness ;

Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

SWEET SORROW

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes !
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories ;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

WILLIAM COLLINS

446. *Dirge in Cymbeline*

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;

SWEET SORROW

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved, till life can charm no more ;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

447. *From ' In Memoriam '*

O SORROW, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life ;
As I confess it needs must be ;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good. . . .

JOHN KEATS

448. *From ' Endymion '*

O SORROW,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?—
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes?
Or is't thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

SWEET SORROW

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye ?—
To give the glow-worm light ?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry ?

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?—
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among ?

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May ?—
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow
I bade good morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind ;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly ;
She is so constant to me, and so kind :
I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah ! she is so constant and so kind. . . .

SWEET SORROW

Come then, Sorrow !
Sweetest Sorrow !
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

449. *To the Memory of the most excellent Lady Jane, Countess of Perth*

THIS beauty, which pale death in dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a coffin sad,
Did pass like lightning, like to thunder burn ;
So little life so much of worth it had !
Heavens but to show their might here made it shine,
And when admir'd, then in the world's disdain,
(O tears ! O grief !) did call it back again,
Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more, what more enjoy,
Sith fairest things thus soonest have their end ;
And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
Sith all our bliss is follow'd with annoy?
She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

SWEET SORROW

WILLIAM PHILPOT

450.

Maritæ Suæ

OF all the flowers rising now,
Thou only saw'st the head
Of that unopen'd drop of snow
I placed beside thy bed.

In all the blooms that blow so fast,
Thou hast no further part,
Save those, the hour I saw thee last,
I laid above thy heart.

Two snowdrops for our boy and girl,
A primrose blown for me,
Wreathed with one often-play'd-with curl
From each bright head for thee.

And so I graced thee for thy grave,
And made these tokens fast
With that old silver heart I gave,
My first gift—and my last.

II

I dream'd, her babe upon her breast,
Here she might lie and calmly rest
Her happy eyes on that far hill
That backs the landscape fresh and still.

I hoped her thoughts would thrid the boughs
Where careless birds of love carouse,
And gaze those apple-blossoms through
To revel in the boundless blue.

SWEET SORROW

But now her faculty of sight
Is elder sister to the light,
And travels free and unconfined
Through dense and rare, through form and mind.

Or else her life to be complete
Hath found new channels full and meet—
Then, O, what eyes are leaning o'er,
If fairer than they were before !

ROBERT BURNS

451.

Highland Mary

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

SWEET SORROW

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

XXXI. TENDER MEMORY

‘And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.’

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

452.

Song

SHE 'S somewhere in the sunlight strong,
Her tears are in the falling rain,
She calls me in the wind's soft song,
And with the flowers she comes again.

Yon bird is but her messenger,
The moon is but her silver car ;
Yea ! sun and moon are sent by her,
And every wistful waiting star.

PERCÝ BYSSHE SHELLEY

453.

To ———

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TENDER MEMORY

JOAQUIN MILLER

454. *'Life knows no dead so beautiful'*

LIFE knows no dead so beautiful
As is the white cold coffin'd past ;
This I may love nor be betray'd :
The dead are faithful to the last.
I am not spouseless—I have wed
A memory—a life that 's dead.

[From *Joaquin Miller's Poems*, copyrighted by the Whitaker and Ray-Wiggin Co., San Francisco]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

455.

Sonnet

O R I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of
men.

TENDER MEMORY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

456.

My Kate

HER air had a meaning, her movements a grace ;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face :
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke :
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate. . . .

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right : and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall ;
They knelt more to God than they used,—that was all :
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you
meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good ;
It always was so with her—see what you have !
She has made the grass greener even here . . . with her
grave—

My Kate. . . .

TENDER MEMORY

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

457. *'O thou art put to many uses, sweet !'*

O THOU art put to many uses, sweet !
Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in spring ;
But yet !—

And all the blue of thee will go to the sky,
And all thy laughter to the rivers run ;
But yet !—

Thy tumbling hair will in the West be seen,
And all thy trembling bosom in the dawn ;
But yet !—

Thy briefness in the dewdrop shall be hung,
And all the frailness of thee on the foam ;
But yet !—

Thy soul shall be upon the moonlight spent,
Thy mystery spread upon the evening mere.
And yet !—

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

458.

In June

N O, Rossignol, sing not that strain,
Triumphant 'spite of all the pain,—
She cannot hear you, Rossignol,
She does not pause and flush, your thrall.
She does not raise that slender hand
And, poised, lips parted, understand
What you are telling of the years,
Her brown eyes soft with happy tears,

TENDER MEMORY

She does not hear a note of all.
Ah, Rossignol, ah, Rossignol !
 But skies are blue, and flowers bloom,
 And roses breathe the old perfume,
 And here the murmuring of the trees
 In all of lovelier mysteries—
And may be now she hears the song
Pouring the summer hills along,
Listens with joy that still to me
Remain the summer time and thee.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

459.

Annabel Lee

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,

TENDER MEMORY

So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud one night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

TENDER MEMORY

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

460.

' O to recall ! '

O TO recall !
What to recall ?
All the roses under snow ?
Not these.
Stars that toward the water go ?
Not these.

O to recall !
What to recall ?
All the greenness after rain ?
Not this.
Joy that gleameth after pain ?
Not this.

O to recall !
What to recall ?
Not the greenness nor delight,
Not these ;
Not the roses out of sight,
Not these.

O to recall !
What to recall ?
Not the star in waters red,
Not this :
Laughter of a girl that 's dead,
O this !

TENDER MEMORY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

461. *In Memoriam F. A. S.*

YET, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trode the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

XXXII. VISIONS

‘ And oft I feel a presence, veiled, intense,
That pulses softly through the solitude.’

WILLIAM MORRIS

462.

Summer Dawn

PRAY but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt
the cloud-bars,
That are patiently waiting there for the dawn :
Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises ; the roses are dun ;
Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

VISIONS

JOHN MILTON

463. *On his deceased Wife*

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

464. *Song*

I MADE another garden, yea,
For my new Love ;
I left the dead rose where it lay
And set the new above.
Why did my Summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old Love came and walk'd therein,
And laid the garden waste.

VISIONS

She enter'd with her weary smile,
Just as of old ;
She look'd around a little while
And shiver'd at the cold :
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight ;
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turn'd the red rose white.
Her pale robe clinging to the grass
Seem'd like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas !
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate,
And then, just as of yore,
She turn'd back at the last to wait
And say farewell once more.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

465. *From 'In Memoriam'*

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest :

VISIONS

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land,
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb ;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter ; hear
The wish too strong for words to name ;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

How fares it with the happy dead ?
For here the man is more and more ;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint ;

VISIONS

And in the long harmonious years
 (If Death so taste Lethean springs)
 May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
 O turn thee round, resolve the doubt ;
 My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

Tears of the widower, when he sees
 A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
 And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these ;

Which weep a loss for ever new,
 A void where heart on heart reposed ;
 And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
 An awful thought, a life removed,
 The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,
 I do not suffer in a dream ;
 For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.

VISIONS

HEINRICH HEINE—EMMA LAZARUS

466.

Seraphine

IN the dreamy wood I wander,
In the wood at eventide ;
And thy slender graceful figure
Wanders ever by my side.
Is not this thy white veil floating,
Is not that thy gentle face?
Is it but the moonlight breaking
Through the dark fir branches' space ?
Can these tears so softly flowing
Be my very own I hear?
Or indeed, art thou beside me,
Weeping, darling, close anear?

OLOF WEXIONIUS—EDMUND GOSSE

467. *On the Death of a pious Lady*

THE earthly roses at God's call have made
Way, lady, for a dress of heavenly white,
In which thou walk'st with other figures bright,
Once loved on earth, who now, like thee arrayed,
Feast on two-fold ambrosia, wine and bread ;
They lead thee up by sinuous paths of light
Through liliated fields that sparkle in God's sight,
And crown thee with delights that never fade.
O thou thrice-sainted mother, in that bliss,
Forget not thy two daughters, whom a kiss
At parting left as sad as thou art glad ;
In thy deep joy think how for thee they weep,
Or conjure through the shifting glass of sleep
The saint heaven hath, the mother once they had.

VISIONS

JAMES THOMSON

468.

Ode

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead ?

Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

Oh ! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee—

Should then the weary eye of grief
Beside some sympathetic stream
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream !

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

469.

The Blessed Damsel

THE blessed damsel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

VISIONS

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.) . . .

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm. . . .

VISIONS

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

‘ I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come ’, she said.
‘ Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

‘ When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

‘ We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud. . . .

VISIONS

‘ He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

‘ Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

‘ There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me :—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he.’

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
‘ All this is when he comes.’ She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill’d
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil’d.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres :
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face against her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

VISIONS

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

470.

The Apparition

I

MY dead Love came to me, and said :
‘ God gives me one hour’s rest,
To spend upon the earth with thee :
How shall we spend it best ? ’

‘ Why as of old,’ I said, and so
We quarrelled as of old.
But when I turned to make my peace,
That one short hour was told.

II

Nine nights she did not come to me :
The heaven was filled with rain ;
And as it fell, and fell, I said,
‘ She will not come again.’

Last night she came, not as before,
But in a strange attire ;
Weary she seemed, and very faint,
As though she came from fire.

III

She is not happy ! It was noon ;
The sun fell on my head :
And it was not an hour in which
We think upon the dead.

VISIONS

She is not happy ! I should know
Her voice, much more her cry ;
And close beside me a great rose
Had just begun to die.

She is not happy ! As I walked,
Of her I was aware :
She cried out, like a creature hurt,
Close by me in the air.

IV

Under the trembling summer stars,
I turned from side to side ;
When she came in and sat with me,
As though she had not died.

And she was kind to me and sweet,
She had her ancient way ;
Remembered how I liked her hand
Amid my hair to stray.

She had forgotten nothing, yet
Older she seemed, and still :
All quietly she took my kiss,
Even as a mother will.

She rose, and in the streak of dawn
She turned as if to go :
But then again came back to me ;
My eyes implored her so !

VISIONS

She pushed the hair from off my brow,
And looked into my eyes.
' I live in calm,' she said, ' and there
Am learning to be wise.

' Why grievest thou? I pity thee
Still turning on this bed.'
' And art thou happy ? ' I exclaimed.
' Alas ! ' she sighed, and fled.

V

I woke ; she had been standing by,
With wonder on her face.
She came toward me, very bright,
As from a blessèd place.

She touched me not, but smiling spoke,
And softly as before.
' They gave me drink from some slow stream ;
I love thee now no more.'

VI

The other night she hurried in,
Her face was wild with fear :
' Old friend,' she said, ' I am pursued,
May I take refuge here ? '

VISIONS

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

471.

Dreams

SURELY I heard a voice—surely my name
Was breathed in tones familiar to my heart !
I listened—and the low wind stealing came,
In darkness and in silence to depart.

Surely I saw a form, a proud bright form,
Standing beside my couch ! I raised mine eyes :
'Twas but a dim cloud, herald of a storm,
That floated through the grey and twilight skies.

Surely the brightness of the summer hour
Hath suddenly burst upon the circling gloom !
I dream ; 'twas but the perfume of a flower,
Which the breeze wafted through the silent room.

Surely a hand clasped mine with greetings fond !
A name is murmured by my lips with pain ;
Woe for that sound—woe for love's broken bond.
I start—I wake—I am alone again !

VISIONS

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL

472. *' I gaze into the dark '*

I GAZE into the dark, O Love !
I gaze into the dark,
The creeping shadows chill me : and the Night,
With wide-outreaching arms, holds thee afar.
O yearning eyes ! Your love, 'midst wondrous light,
More fair than falls from moon-ray or from star,
Smiles out into the dark.

I reach into the dark, O Love !
I reach into the dark.
I cannot find thee ; and my groping hands
Touch only memories and phantom shapes.
O empty arms ! Be glad of those sweet lands
Wherein your love all loneliness escapes,
And smiles into the dark.

I call into the dark, O Love !
I call into the dark.
There comes from out the hush below, above,
No answer but my own quick-fluttered breath.
O doubting heart ! Dost thou not know thy love,
Across the awful silentness of death
Smiles at thee through the dark ?

VISIONS

WILLIAM BARNES

473. *The Mother's Dream*

I'D a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
O ! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep :
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Ay, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There in train came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight ;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
O it did not burn !
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turn'd about,
' Your tears put it out ;
Mother, never mourn.'

VISIONS

DAVID MALLET

474. *William and Margaret*

'TWAS at the silent, solemn hour
When night and morning meet ;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silvery dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek—
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

'Awake !' she cried, 'thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.' . . .

VISIONS

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more !

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

475. *' If she but knew '*

IF she but knew that I am weeping
Still for her sake,
That love and sorrow grow with keeping
Till they must break
My heart that breaking will adore her,
Be hers and die ;
If she might hear me once implore her,
Would she not sigh ?

If she did but know that it would save me
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear ?
If she were told that I was dying,
Would she be dumb ?
Could she content herself with sighing ?
Would she not come ?

VISIONS

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

476.

Greek Lament

BY the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—
Through the long night I pine : the golden sun
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the Spring
Seems but to weep. Where art thou, my beloved ?
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,
These hands have heap'd the watch-fire, till it stream'd
Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red—
Along the crested billows !—but in vain ;
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles. . . .

Where art thou ?—where ?—had I but lingering prest
On thy cold lips the last long kiss ; but smooth'd
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been still'd
Into a voiceless grief ; I would have strew'd
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods—
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful !—I would have heap'd
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy pyre,
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,
And many a garland of the pallid rose. . . .

VISIONS

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,
And speak to me !—E'en though thy voice be changed,
My heart would know it still. Oh, speak to me,
And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,
Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns—
O yet, in some pale mead of Asphodel,
We two shall meet again ! Oh, I would quit
The day, rejoicingly—the rosy light—
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,
And sweet familiar melodies of earth,
To dwell with thee below ! . . .

Thou hear'st me not !

'The heavens are pitiless of human tears :
'The deep sea-darkness is about thy head ;
'The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

XXXIII. RESIGNATION

‘ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail.’

GEORGE HERBERT

477.

Discipline

THROW away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath ;
O my God,
Take the gentle path !

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent ;
I aspire
To a full consent. . . .

Throw away thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God ;
Throw away thy wrath !

RESIGNATION

GEORGE H. BOKER

478.

Sonnet

I SHALL be faithful, though the weary years
Spread out before me like a mountain chain
Rugged and steep, ascending from the plain,
Without a path ; though where the cliff uprears
Its sternest front, and echoes in my ears
My own deep sobs of solitary pain,
It is my fate to scale ; though all in vain
I spend my labour, and my idle tears
Torture but me : I know, despite my ill,
That with each step a little wastes away—
A little of this life wastes day by day ;
And far beyond the desert which I fill
With my vast sorrow, I have faith to say
That we shall meet ; so I press onward still.

WILLIAM PATRICK MCKENZIE

479.

Sorrow

SO long he walked a desert bleak and bare
No added grief could rouse him to surprise ;
And one was with him in unseemly guise,
Yet gentle-voiced, who led him from despair ;
He knew her mantle hid a face most fair,
He felt the veiled glory of her eyes,
And in the luxury of glad surmise
Forgot his weariness and all his care.

RESIGNATION

At length uprose a portal dark before,—
‘ I lead thee to the truth ; its joy is thine ’ ;
Then light burst forth whenas she swung the door,
And so celestially her face did shine
His heart was thrilled, and then he turned to go
Joyward reluctant, for he loved her so !

ROBERT HERRICK

480. *Comfort to a Youth that had lost his Love*

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints?

In endless mirth
She thinks not on
What 's said or done
In earth :

She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears :

Nor does she mind
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.

But changed above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.

RESIGNATION

Forbear therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

481.

Dinge

NO tears, no sighings, no despair,
No mourning weeds,
Nought that discloses
A heart that bleeds ;
But looks contented I will bear,
And o'er my cheeks strew roses.
Unto the world I may not weep,
But save my sorrow all, and keep
A secret heart, sweet soul, for thee,
As the great earth and swelling sea.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

482.

From ' In Memoriam '

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

RESIGNATION

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
 Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
 He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

I will not shut me from my kind,
 And, lest I stiffen into stone,
 I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind :

What profit lies in barren faith,
 And vacant yearning, tho' with might
 To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death ?

What find I in the highest place
 But mine own phantom chanting hymns ?
 And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
 Of sorrow under human skies :
 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

With trembling fingers did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
 A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
 We gambol'd, making vain pretence
 Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

RESIGNATION

We paused : the winds were in the beech :
We heard them sweep the winter land ;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang ;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year : impetuously we sang :

We ceased : a gentler feeling crept
Upon us : surely rest is meet :
' They rest,' we said, ' their sleep is sweet,'
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range ;
Once more we sang : ' They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change.' . . .

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve :

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

RESIGNATION

Who show'd a token of distress ?
No single tear, no mark of pain :
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane ?
O grief, can grief be changed to less ?

O last regret, regret can die !
No—mixt with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

483. *From 'Balder Dead'*

ENOUGH of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail !
Not to lament in was Valhalla made.
If any here might weep for Balder's death
I most might weep, his father ; such a son
I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God !
But he has met that doom which long ago
The Nornies, when his mother bare him, spun,
And fate set seal, that so his end must be.
Balder has met his death, and ye survive !
Weep him an hour ; but what can grief avail ?
For ye yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
All ye who hear me, and inhabit Heaven,
And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all ;
But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,
With woman's tears and weak complaining cries—
Why should we meet another's portion so ?
Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
With cold dry eyes, and hearts composed and stern,
To live, as erst, your daily life in Heaven.

RESIGNATION

RICHARD GARNETT

484. *Fading-Leaf and Fallen-Leaf*

S AID Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf :—
‘ I toss alone on a forsaken tree,
It rocks and cracks with every gust that racks
Its straining bulk ; say, how is it with thee ? ’

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf :—
‘ A heavy foot went by, an hour ago ;
Crushed into clay I stain the way ;
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go. ’

Said Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf :—
‘ Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise ;
Teach me a way to live till May
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes. ’

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf :—
‘ Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath ?
Fade then and fall—thou hast had all
That Life can give : ask somewhat now of Death. ’

MATTHEW ARNOLD

485. *In Memory of Edward Quillinan*

I SAW him sensitive in frame,
I knew his spirits low ;
And wish'd him health, success, and fame—
I do not wish it now.

RESIGNATION

For these are all their own reward,
And leave no good behind ;
They try us, oftenest make us hard,
Less modest, pure, and kind.

Alas ! yet to the suffering man,
In this his mortal state,
Friends could not give what fortune can—
Health, ease, a heart elate.

But he is now by fortune foil'd
No more ; and we retain
The memory of a man unspoil'd,
Sweet, generous, and humane ;

With all the fortunate have not,
With gentle voice and brow.—
Alive, we would have changed his lot !
We would not change it now !

JOHN FLETCHER

486. *From 'The Queen of Corinth'*

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan ;
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone :
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again :
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see :
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

RESIGNATION

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

487.

From 'Maipessa'

WHEN I remember this, how shall I know
That I myself may not, by sorrow taught,
Accept the perfect stillness of the ground ?
Where, though I lie still, and stir not at all,
Yet shall I irresistibly be kind,
Helplessly sweet, a wandering garden bliss.
My ashes shall console and make for peace ;
This mind that injured, be an aimless balm.
Or if there be some other world, with no
Bloom, neither rippling sound, nor early smell,
Nor leaves, nor pleasant exchange of human speech ;
Only a dreadful pacing to and fro
Of spirits meditating on the sun ;
A land of barèd boughs and grieving wind ;
Yet would I not forgo the doom, the place,
Whither my poets and my heroes went
Before me ; warriors that with deeds forlorn
Saddened my youth, yet made it great to live ;
Lonely antagonists of Destiny,
That went down scornful before many spears,
Who, soon as we are born, are straight our friends ;
And live in simple music, country songs,
And mournful ballads by the winter fire,
Since they have died ; their death is ever mine.

JOHN MILTON

488.

From 'Samson Agonistes'

NOTHING is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

RESIGNATION

Let us go find the body where it lies
Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequie and funeral train
Home to his Fathers house : there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame thir breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high :
The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent,
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

RESIGNATION

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

489. *In Memory of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts*

[Born 1832. Died, on Service at the Front, November 14, 1914]

HE died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of England in his latest prayer ;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
A courage still unspent.

So was his end ; and, in that hour, across
The face of War a wind of silence blew,
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier ?
What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,
Would he have held most dear ?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft ;
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain ;
Not pride of that high record he has left,
Peerless and pure of stain ;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served ; a pledge above his grave
To give her even such a gift as he,
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,
And through the mist the guns he loved so well
Thunder a last salute !

XXXIV. COMPENSATION

‘The man that hath great griefs, I pity not.’

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

490.

In Memoriam

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match ?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears ?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss :
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,
Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
‘Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.’ . . .

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
‘Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

COMPENSATION

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER

491.

Sonnet

THEY say that thou wert lovely on thy bier,
More lovely than in life ; that when the thrall
Of earth was loosed, it seemed as though a pall
Of years were lifted, and thou didst appear
Such as of old amidst thy home's calm sphere
Thou sat'st, a kindly Presence felt by all
In joy or grief, from morn to evening-fall,
The peaceful Genius of that mansion dear.
Was it the craft of all-persuading Love
That wrought this marvel? or is Death indeed
A mighty master, gifted from above
With alchemy benign, to wounded hearts
Minist'ring thus, by quaint and subtle arts,
Strange comfort, whereon after-thought may feed ?

· COMPENSATION

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

492.

Sonnet

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY

493.

Heraclitus

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter
tears to shed.

I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake ;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

COMPENSATION

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

494.

Tears

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving ! lighter, none befell
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears ! what are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing,—at her marriage-bell
The bride weeps,—and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only ! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
And touch but tombs,—look up ! those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

495.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young :
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung

COMPENSATION

A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death', I said. But,
there,
The silver answer rang—'Not Death, but Love.'

ROBERT ROSCOE

496.

Sonnet

O BLESSÈD be the tear that sadly rolled
For me, my mother! down thy sacred cheek;
That with a silent fervour did bespeak
A fonder tale than language ever told;
And poured such balm upon my spirit, weak
And wounded, in a world so harsh and cold,
As that wherewith an angel would uphold
Those that astray heaven's holy guidance seek.
And though it passed away, and, soon as shed,
Seemed ever lost to vanish from thine eye,
Yet only to the dearest store it fled
Of my remembrance, where it now doth lie,
Like a thrice precious relic of the dead,
The chiefest jewel of its treasury.

COMPENSATION

WILLIAM WATSON

497. *Beauty's Metempsychosis*

THAT beauty such as thine
Should die indeed,
Were ordinance too wantonly malign !
No wit may reconcile so cold a creed
With beauty such as thine.

From wave and star and flower
Some effluence rare
Was lent thee, a divine but transient dower :
Thou yield'st it back from eyes and lips and hair
To wave and star and flower.

Shouldst thou to-morrow die,
Thou still shalt be
Found in the rose and met in all the sky :
And from the ocean's heart shalt sing to me,
Shouldst thou to-morrow die.

GEORGE DARLEY

498. *On the 'Death of a Recluse*

'MID roaring brooks and dark moss-vales,
Where speechless Thought abides,
Still her sweet spirit dwells,
That knew no world besides.

Her form the woodland still retains—
Wound but a creeping flower,
Her very life-blood stains
Thee, in a falling shower.

COMPENSATION

Touch but the stream, drink but the air,
Her cheek, her breath is known—
Ravish that red rose there,
And she is all thy own.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

499. *The Warrior to His Dead Bride*

IF in the fight my arm was strong,
And forced my foes to yield,
If conquering and unhurt I came
Back from the battle-field—
It is because thy prayers have been
My safeguard and my shield. . . .

Thy heart, my own, still beats in Heaven
With the same love divine
That made thee stoop to such a soul,
So hard, so stern, as mine—
My eyes have learnt to weep, beloved,
Since last they looked on thine.

I hear thee murmur words of peace
Through the dim midnight air,
And a calm falls from the angel stars
And soothes my great despair—
The Heavens themselves look brighter, love,
Since thy sweet soul is there.

COMPENSATION

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

500. *In Memory of James T. Fields*

AS a guest who may not stay
Long and sad farewells to say
Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed
Thou hast left us at thy best. . . .

Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear ;

Something of thy pleasant past
On a ground of wonder cast,
In the stiller waters glassed !

Keep the human heart of thee ;
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well ;

Proving in a world of bliss
What we fondly dream in this,—
Love is one with holiness !

COMPENSATION

EDGAR ALLAN POE

501. *To One in Paradise*

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine. . . .

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

502. *Beautiful Death*

WHY dreadest thou the calm process of death ?
To miss thy wife's illuminating smile ?
No more to proudly touch thy child's bright hair ?
To leave this glorying green, this flashing sun ?
Yet Death is full of leisure, and of light ;
Of compensations and of huge amends.
Since all the dead do for the living toil,
Assisting, bathing, in the air, the earth ;
A shower their sympathy draws from the ground,
Delicious kindness from the soil exhaled. . . .

COMPENSATION

Blind shall I be and good, dumb and serene :
I shall not blame, nor question ; I shall shine
Diffused and tolerant, luminous and large.
No longer shall I vex, but live my life
In solaces, caresses, and in balms,
Nocturnal soothings and nutritious sighs.
The unhappy mind an odour shall be breathed ;
I shall be sagely blown, flung with design,
Assist this bland and universal scheme,
Industrious, happy, sweet, delicious, dead !

EDMUND SPENSER

503.

Sonnet

ONE day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
But came the waues and washèd it away :
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
A mortall thing so to immortalize,
For I my selue shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, quod I, let baser things deuize
To dy in dust, but you shall liue by fame :
My verse your vertues rare shall éternize,
And in the heuens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
Our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

COMPENSATION

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

504.

Pain

THE man that hath great griefs I pity not ;
'Tis something to be great
In any wise, and hint the larger state,
Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot !
Moreover, while we wait the possible,
This man has touched the fact,
And probed till he has felt the core, where, packed
In pulpy folds, resides the ironic ill. . . .
For thus it is God stings us into life,
Provoking actual souls
From bodily systems, giving us the poles
That are His own, not merely balanced strife. . .
Thrice happy such an one ! Far other he
Who dallies on the edge
Of the great vortex, clinging to a sedge
Of patent good, a timorous Manichee. . .
For there is threefold oneness with the One ;
And he is one, who keeps
The homely laws of life ; who, if he sleeps,
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done. . .
But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
Not partial, knowing them
As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,
Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains.
To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
Of that serene endeavour,
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

COMPENSATION

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

505. *A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland*

PART fenced by man, part by a ragged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies ;
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep ;
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains ; yet thither creep
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none ; but rudely-sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green :
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring !

JOHN MILTON

506. *On the Memory of Catherine
Thomson 1646*

WHEN Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd Life ; which us from Life doth sever.
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

COMPENSATION

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who henceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

AUBREY DE VERE

507.

Sorrow

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the
end.

COMPENSATION

ANONYMOUS

508. *A Prayer of Petrarcke and of Laura*

WHERE mourn the birds, or where the green young
boughs
Are gently moving in the summer air,
Or the clear water as it bubbling flows
Is heard from flowery banks, surpassing fair :
There while I sit with pensive Love, and write
Of her, who lost to earth, yet lives on high,
I pause, and listen if I hear aright
From so far, any answer to my sigh :—
Yes ! 'tis that well-known voice that fills mine ear,
And says, ' Why waste the life which dear I deemed ?
Why flows unceasingly that bitter tear ?
For me weep not—I, when Death's blow was given,
Immortal grew ; and when to you they seemed
For ever closed, these eyes awoke in Heaven.'

MARY E. FLETCHER

509. *' In Love with Easeful Death '*

' I N love with easeful death ? ' Not I,
Too well I love this friendly sky,
The sunrise and the sunset hour,
The winter storm and summer shower,
The hand-clasp and the glad surprise
Of welcome in a good friend's eyes.

COMPENSATION

In truth, I have a secret dread
Of lying down among the dead,
The poor, white dead bereft of will,
Who lie so cold, so strangely still,
The while we break our hearts and pray
For one fond word of yesterday.

I'd go as children do, at night,
When they must leave the warmth and light,
With lagging step and looks behind
At toys beloved and faces kind,
Only half sure of God to keep
Strange terrors from them while they sleep.

ALEXANDER SMITH

510. *From 'A Life Drama'*

THE fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays,
The churlish thistles, scented briers,
The wind-swept blue-bells on the sunny braes,
Down to the central fires,

Exist alike in Love. Love is a sea,
Filling all the abysses dim
Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally
Suns and their bright broods swim.

This mighty sea of Love, with wondrous tides,
Is sternly just to sun and grain ;
'Tis laving at this moment Saturn's sides,—
'Tis in my blood and brain.

COMPENSATION

All things have something more than barren use ;
 There is a scent upon the brier,
A tremulous splendour in the autumn dews,
 Cold morns are fringed with fire.

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed flowers ;
 In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blow those hearts of ours
 When Love is born in each. . .

Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
 Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give.
This world is very lovely. O my God,
 I thank Thee that I live !

XXXV. CONSOLATION

‘ For though the daye be never so long,
At last the belle ringeth to evensong.’

HEINRICH HEINE—EDWARD WILLIAM
THOMSON

511. ‘ *Heart, my Heart* ’

HEART, my heart, no longer mourn,
Wail no more the weary days,
Spring will freshen all the ways
By the winter made forlorn.

And the world is still how fair !
And how much remains to thee !
And, my heart, thou need'st to care
For all things that pleasant be.

CONSOLATION

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

512 *Influence of Time on Grief*

O TIME ! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away ;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile ;—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—
Yet ah ! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure !

STEPHEN HAWES

513. ' *O mortall folke* '

O MORTALL folke, you may beholde and see
How I lye here, sometime a mighty knight :
The end of joy and all prosperite
Is death at last, thorough his course and mighte :
After the daye, there cometh the darke nighte,
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the belle ringeth to evensong.

CONSOLATION

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

514. *To-day a Man, To-morrow None*

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

STEPHEN HAWES

515. *' Drive such despaire away '*

FYE, fye ! Drive such despaire away,
And live in hopé, which shall do you good.
Joy cometh after when the payne is past,
Be ye pacient and sober in mode :
To wepe and waile, all is for you in waste.
Was never payne, but it had joy at last.

CONSOLATION

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

516.

Consolation

ALL are not taken ; there are left behind
A Living Belovèd, tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where ‘dust to dust’ the love from life disjoined,
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving,
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying ‘Where are ye, O my loved and loving?’ . . .
I know a Voice would sound, ‘Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth?’

EMILY BRONTË

517.

Last Lines

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world’s storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven’s glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

CONSOLATION

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes cease to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

518. *Epilogue to 'Haworth Churchyard'*

SO I sang : but the Muse,
Shaking her head, took the harp—
Stern interrupted my strain,
Angrily smote on the chords.

CONSOLATION

April showers
Rush o'er the Yorkshire moors.
Stormy, through driving mist,
Loom the blurr'd hills ; the rain
Lashes the newly-made grave.

Unquiet souls !
—In the dark fermentation of earth,
In the never idle workshop of nature,
In the eternal movement,
Ye shall find yourselves again !

JOHN KEBLE

519. *Burial of the Dead*

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary seem'd
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar ;

Friend of this worthless heart ! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing : the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day ;

The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

CONSOLATION

And sought with us along th' accustom'd way
The hallow'd porch, and entering in, beheld
 The pageant of sad joy
 So dear to Faith and Hope.

O ! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touch'd
 The sacred springs of grief
 More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
 Guiding through light and gloom
 Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
Around the western twilight, all subside
 Into a placid Faith,
 That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall ;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
 So many tokens dear
 Of endless love begun.

Listen ! it is no dream : th' Apostles' trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's ;—calmly now,
 Our hearts yet beating high
 To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
 Our treasure for awhile :
 And if a tear steal down,

CONSOLATION

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin-lid ;
If at our brother's name,

Once and again the thought, ' for ever gone ',
Come o'er us like a cloud ; yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou know'st us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er.
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

THOU, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead !
As THOU art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

WILLIAM BARNES

520. *Readen ov a Head-Stwone*

AS I wer readèn ov a stwone
In Grenley church-yard all alwone,
A little maïd ran up wi' pride
To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide
A bunch o' bennets that did hide
A ve'se her father, as she zaïd,
Put up above her mother's head,
To tell how much he loved her.

CONSOLATION

The ve'se wer short, but very good,
I stood an' larn'd en where I stood :—
' Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce
To vind, lik' thee, a better pleäce,
Where I woonce mwore mid zee thy feäce ;
 An' bring thy childern up to know
 His word, that they mid come an' show
 Thy soul how much I lov'd thee.'

' Where 's father, then,' I zaid, ' my chile ? '
' Dead, too ', she answer'd wi' a smile ;
' An' I an' brother Jim do bide
At Betty White's, o' t'other side
O' road.' ' Mid He, my chile,' I cried,
 'That 's father to the fatherless,
 Become thy father now, an' bless,
 An' keep, an' leäd, an' love thee.'

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
Her litsome heart by day or night ;
An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,
Do show He'll meäke His burdens light
 To weaker souls, an' that His smile
 Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
 When they be dead that lov'd it.

CONSOLATION

THOMAS MOORE

521. *On the Death of Colonel Bainbrigge's
Daughter, 1815*

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it ;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd :
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

CONSOLATION

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

522.

Stanzas for Music

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee
Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be !
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest :
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

523. *'Home they brought her Warrior Dead'*

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'
Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

CONSOLATION

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
' Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

THOMAS MOORE

524. '*This World is all a fleeting Show*'

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There 's nothing true, but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even ;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There 's nothing bright, but Heaven !

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day !
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There 's nothing calm, but Heaven !

CONSOLATION

RICHARD CHENEVIX, ARCHBISHOP TRENCH

525. *'O Life, O Death, O World, O Time'*

O LIFE, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;
Without it what were we ?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

526. *The Angel of Patience*

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

CONSOLATION

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, ' Be resigned :
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
'The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! '

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

527.

Up-hill

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
'Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CONSOLATION

R. D. BLACKMORE

528. ‘ *In the Hour of Death* ’

IN the hour of death, after this life’s whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—

 The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—

 The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—

 The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—

 But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

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